BOOK II

THIS is the second period of life, and now infancy, strictly speaking, has ended. For the words *infans* and *puer* are not synonymous. The former is contained in the latter and signifies "one who cannot speak"; this is why *puerum infantem* is found in Valerius Maximus.[1] But I shall continue to use this word according to the usage of our language until I reach an age for which it has another name.

When children begin to speak, they cry less. This is a natural progress. One language is substituted for the other. As soon as they can say with words that they are in pain, why would they say it with cries, except when the pain is too intense for speech to express it? If they continue to cry then, it is the fault of the people around them. As soon as Emile has once said, "It hurts," very intense pains indeed will be needed to force him to cry.

If the child is delicate, sensitive, if naturally he starts crying for nothing, by making his cries useless and ineffective, I will soon dry up their source. So long as he cries, I do not go to him. I run as soon as he has stopped. Soon his way of calling me will be to keep quiet or, at the most, to let out a single cry. It is by the effect they sense their cries make that children judge their own senses. There is no other convention for them. Whatever injury a child may do to himself, it is very rare that he cries when he is alone, unless he hopes to be heard.

If he falls, if he bumps his head, if his nose bleeds, if he cuts his fingers, instead of fussing around him as though I were alarmed, I will remain calm, at least for a short time. The harm is done; it is a necessity that he endure it; all my fussing would only serve to frighten him more and increase his sensitivity. At bottom, it is less the blow than the fear which torments when one has been hurt. I will at least spare him this latter anxiety, for quite certainly he will judge of his injury as he sees me judge of it. If he sees me run in agitation to console and pity him, he will consider himself lost. If he sees me keep my composure, he will soon regain his and will believe the injury cured when he no longer feels it. It is at this age that one gets the first lessons

in courage, and that, bearing slight pains without terror, one gradually learns to bear great pains.

Far from being attentive to protecting Emile from injury, I would be most distressed if he were never hurt and grew up without knowing pain. To suffer is the first thing he ought to learn and the thing he will most need to know. It seems that children are little and weak only in order that they may get these important lessons without danger. If the child falls down, he will not break his leg; if he hits himself with a stick, he will not break his arm; if he grabs a knife, he will hardly tighten his grip and will not cut himself very deeply. I do not know of a child at liberty who was ever seen to kill, cripple, or do himself any considerable harm, unless he was carelessly exposed on high places or alone near fire, or dangerous instruments were left in his reach. What is to be said about these arsenals of machines set up around a child to arm him at all points against pain, so that when he is grown, he is at its mercy without courage and without experience, believes he is dead at the first prick, and faints on seeing the first drop of his blood?

Our didactic and pedantic craze is always to teach children what they would learn much better by themselves and to forget what we alone could teach them. Is there anything more foolish than the effort made to teach them to walk, as if anyone were ever seen who, due to his nurse's negligence, did not when grown know how to walk? How many people, on the contrary, does one see walk badly for their whole lives because they were badly taught how to walk?

Emile will not have padded bonnets, strollers, buggies, or leading strings; or, at least, as soon as he begins to know how to put one foot before the other, he will be supported only in paved places, and we shall hastily pass them by.* Instead of letting him stagnate in the stale air of a room, let him be taken daily to the middle of a field. There let him run and frisk about; let him fall a hundred times a day. So much the better. That way he will learn how to get up sooner. The well-being of freedom makes up for many wounds. My pupil will often have bruises. But, in compensation, he will always be gay. If your pupils have fewer bruises, they are always hindered, always enchained, always sad. I doubt whether the advantage is theirs.

Another progress makes complaint less necessary to children; this is the progress of their strength. Able to do more by themselves, they need to have recourse to others less frequently. With their strength develops the knowledge which puts them in a condition to direct it. It is at this second stage that, strictly speaking, the life of the individual begins. It is then that he gains consciousness of himself. Memory extends the sentiment of identity to all the moments of his existence; he becomes truly one, the same, and consequently already capable of happiness or unhappiness. It is important, therefore, to begin to consider him here as a moral being.

Although the furthest limit of human life can be pretty nearly de-

* There is nothing more ridiculous and more lacking in assurance than the step of people who were led too much by leading strings when they were little. This is another of those observations that are trivial by dint of being accurate and that are accurate in more than one sense.

termined, as well as one's probabilities at each age of approaching that limit, nothing is more uncertain than the duration of each man's life in particular. Very few attain this furthest limit. Life's greatest risks are in its beginnings; the less one has lived, the less one ought to hope to live. Of the children born, half, at the most, reach adolescence; and it is probable that your pupil will not reach the age of manhood.[2]

What, then, must be thought of that barbarous education which sacrifices the present to an uncertain future, which burdens a child with chains of every sort and begins by making him miserable in order to prepare him from afar for I know not what pretended happiness which it is to be believed he will never enjoy? Even if I were to suppose this education reasonable in its object, how can one without indignation see poor unfortunates submitted to an unbearable yoke and condemned to continual labor like galley slaves, without any assurance that so many efforts will ever be useful to them? The age of gaiety passes amidst tears, punishments, threats, and slavery. The unlucky fellow is tormented for his own good; and the death that is being summoned is unseen, the death which is going to seize him in the midst of this gloomy setup. Who knows how many children perish victims of a father's or a master's extravagant wisdom? Happy to escape his cruelty, the only advantage they get from the ills he has made them suffer is to die without regretting life, of which they knew only the torments.

Men, be humane. This is your first duty. Be humane with every station, every age, everything which is not alien to man. What wisdom is there for you save humanity? Love childhood; promote its games, its pleasures, its amiable instinct. Who among you has not sometimes regretted that age when a laugh is always on the lips and the soul is always at peace? Why do you want to deprive these little innocents of the enjoyment of a time so short which escapes them and of a good so precious which they do not know how to abuse? Why do you want to fill with bitterness and pains these first years which go by so rapidly and can return no more for them than they can for you? Fathers, do you know the moment when death awaits your children? Do not prepare regrets for yourself in depriving them of the few instants nature gives them. As soon as they can sense the pleasure of being, arrange it so that they can enjoy it, arrange it so that at whatever hour God summons them they do not die without having tasted life.

How many voices are going to be raised against me! I hear from afar the clamors of that false wisdom which incessantly projects us outside of ourselves, which always counts the present for nothing, and which, pursuing without respite a future that retreats in proportion as we advance, by dint of transporting us where we are not, transports us where we shall never be.

This is, you answer me, the time to correct man's bad inclinations; it is during the age of childhood, when we are least sensitive to pains, that they must be multiplied so as to spare them in the age of reason. But who tells you that this whole arrangement is at your disposition, and that all this fair instruction with which you overwhelm

the child's feeble mind will not one day be more pernicious to him than useful? Who assures you that you are sparing him something by the sorrows you lavish on him? Why do you give him more ills than his condition entails without being sure that these present ills are for the relief of the future? And how will you prove to me that these bad inclinations, of which you claim you are curing him, do not come to him from your ill-considered care far more than from nature? Unhappy foresight which makes a being unhappy now in the hope, well or ill founded, of making him happy one day! In case these vulgar reasoners confuse license with liberty and the child one makes happy with the child one spoils, let us teach them to distinguish the two.

In order not to pursue chimeras let us not forget what is appropriate to our situation. Humanity has its place in the order of things; childhood has its in the order of human life. The man must be considered in the man, and the child in the child. To assign each his place and settle him in it, to order the human passions according to man's constitution is all that we can do for his well-being. The rest depends on alien causes which are in no way in our power.

We do not know what absolute happiness or unhappiness is. Everything is mixed in this life; in it one tastes no pure sentiment; in it one does not stay two moments in the same state. The affections of our souls, as well as the states of our bodies, are in a continual flux. The good and the bad are common to us all, but in different measures. The happiest is he who suffers the least pain; the unhappiest is he who feels the least pleasure. Always more suffering than enjoyment; this relation between the two is common to all men. Man's felicity on earth is, hence, only a negative condition; the smallest number of ills he can suffer ought to constitute its measure.

Every feeling of pain is inseparable from the desire to be delivered from it; every idea of pleasure is inseparable from the desire to enjoy it; every desire supposes privation, and all sensed privations are painful. Our unhappiness consists, therefore, in the disproportion between our desires and our faculties. A being endowed with senses whose faculties equaled his desires would be an absolutely happy being.

In what, then, consists human wisdom or the road of true happiness? It is not precisely in diminishing our desires, for if they were beneath our power, a part of our faculties would remain idle, and we would not enjoy our whole being. Neither is it in extending our faculties, for if, proportionate to them, our desires were more extended, we would as a result only become unhappier. But it is in diminishing the excess of the desires over the faculties and putting power and will in perfect equality. It is only then that, with all the powers in action, the soul will nevertheless remain peaceful and that man will be well ordered.

It is thus that nature, which does everything for the best, constituted him in the beginning. It gives him with immediacy only the desires necessary to his preservation and the faculties sufficient to satisfy them. It put all the others, as it were, in reserve in the depth of his soul, to be developed there when needed. Only in this original state are power and desire in equilibrium and man is not unhappy. As soon as his potential faculties are put in action, imagination, the most active of all, is

awakened and outstrips them. It is imagination which extends for us the measure of the possible, whether for good or bad, and which consequently excites and nourishes the desires by the hope of satisfying them. But the object which at first appeared to be at hand flees more quickly than it can be pursued. When one believes that one has reached it, it transforms and reveals itself in the distance ahead of us. No longer seeing the country we have already crossed, we count it for nothing; what remains to cross ceaselessly grows and extends. Thus one exhausts oneself without getting to the end, and the more one gains on enjoyment, the further happiness gets from us.

On the contrary, the closer to his natural condition man has stayed, the smaller is the difference between his faculties and his desires, and consequently the less removed he is from being happy. He is never less unhappy than when he appears entirely destitute, for unhappiness consists not in the privation of things but in the need that is felt for them.

The real world has its limits; the imaginary world is infinite. Unable to enlarge the one, let us restrict the other, for it is from the difference between the two alone that are born all the pains which make us truly unhappy. Take away strength, health, and good witness of oneself, all the goods of this life are in opinion; take away the pains of the body and the remorse of conscience, all our ills are imaginary. This principle is common, it will be said. I agree. But its practical application is not common, and we are dealing solely with practice here.

When it is said that man is weak, what is meant? This word *weak* indicates a relation, a relation obtaining within the being to which one applies it. He whose strength surpasses his needs, be he an insect or a worm, is a strong being. He whose needs surpass his strength, be he an elephant or a lion, be he a conqueror or a hero, be he a god, is a weak being. The rebellious angel who misapprehended his nature was weaker than the happy mortal who lives in peace according to his nature. Man is very strong when he is contented with being what he is; he is very weak when he wants to raise himself above humanity. Therefore, do not fancy that in extending your faculties you extend your strength. On the contrary, you diminish your strength if your pride is extended farther than it. Let us measure the radius of our sphere and stay in the center like the insect in the middle of his web; we shall always be sufficient unto ourselves; and we shall not have to complain of our weakness, for we shall never feel it.

All the animals have exactly the faculties necessary to preserve themselves. Man alone has superfluous faculties. Is it not very strange that this superfluity should be the instrument of his unhappiness? In every country the arms of a man are worth more than his subsistence. If he were wise enough to count this superfluity for nothing, he would always have what is necessary because he would never have anything too much. The great needs, said Favorinus,* are born of great possessions; and often the best way to provide oneself with the things one lacks is to give up those that one has. It is by dint of agitating ourselves to increase our happiness that we convert it into unhappiness. Any man

* Noct. attic. B. IX. c.8.[8]

who only wanted to live would live happily. Consequently he would live as a good man, for what advantage would there be for him in being wicked?

If we were immortal, we would be most unhappy beings. It is hard to die doubtless; but it is sweet to hope that one will not live forever, and that a better life will end the pains of this one. If we were to be offered immortality on the earth, who would want to accept this dreary present? [4] What resource, what hope, what consolation would remain to us against the rigors of fate and the injustices of men? The ignorant man, who foresees nothing, little senses the value of life and little fears the loss of it; the enlightened man sees goods of a greater value which he prefers to this good. It is only half knowledge and false wisdom which, prolonging our views up to the point of death and not beyond, make it the worst of evils for us. The necessity of dying is for the wise man only a reason for bearing the pains of life. If one were not certain of losing life sometime, it would cost too much to preserve.

Our moral ills are all matters of opinion, except for a single one—crime; and this ill depends on us. Our physical ills are themselves destroyed or destroy us. Time or death is our remedy. But we suffer more the less we know how to suffer; and we give ourselves more torment in curing our maladies than we would have in enduring them. Live according to nature, be patient, and drive away the doctors. You will not avoid death, but you will feel it only once, while they bring it every day into your troubled imagination; and their lying art, instead of prolonging your days, deprives you of the enjoyment of them. I shall always ask what true good this art has done for men. Some of those it cures would die, it is true, but the millions it kills would remain alive. Man of sense, do not wager in this lottery where too many chances are against you. Suffer, die, or get well; but, above all, live until your last hour.

Everything is only folly and contradiction in human institutions. We worry about our life more in proportion to its losing its value. Old men regret it more than young people; they do not want to lose the preparations they have made for enjoying it. At the age of sixty it is most cruel to die before having begun to live. It is believed that man has an intense love for his own preservation, and that is true. But it is not seen that this love, in the way in which we feel it, is in large part the work of men. Naturally man worries about his preservation only insofar as the means to it are in his power. As soon as these means escape him, he becomes calm and dies without tormenting himself uselessly. The first law of resignation comes to us from nature. Savages as well as beasts struggle very little against death and endure it almost without complaint. When this law is destroyed, another one which comes from reason takes shape; but few know how to derive it, and this artificial resignation is never so full and complete as the primary one.

Foresight! Foresight, which takes us ceaselessly beyond ourselves and often places us where we shall never arrive. This is the true source of all our miseries. What madness for a fleeting being like man always to look far into a future which comes so rarely and to neglect the present of which he is sure. It is a madness all the more destructive since

it increases continuously with age; and old men, always distrustful, full of foresight, and miserly, prefer to deny themselves what is necessary today so as not to lack it a hundred years from now. Thus, we are attached to everything, we cling to everything—times, places, men, things; everything which is, everything which will be, is important to each of us. Our individual persons are now only the least part of ourselves. Each one extends himself, so to speak, over the whole earth and becomes sensitive over this entire large surface. Is it surprising that our ills are multiplied by all the points where we can be wounded? How many princes grieve over the loss of a country they have never seen? How many merchants are there whom it suffices to touch in India in order to make them scream in Paris?

Is it nature which thus carries men so far from themselves? Is it nature which wants each to learn of his destiny from others and sometimes to be the last to learn it? Thus, a man dies happy or miserable without ever knowing it. I see a man, fresh, gay, vigorous, healthy, his presence inspires joy, his eyes proclaim contentment, well-being; he brings with him the image of happiness. A letter comes in the post; the happy man looks at it; it is addressed to him; he opens it, reads it. Instantly his aspect changes. He becomes pale and faints. Coming to, he weeps, writhes, moans, tears his hair, makes the air resound with his cries, seems to have a frightful fit of convulsions. Senseless man, what ill has this piece of paper done to you then? Of what limb has it deprived you? What crime has it made you commit? Altogether, what has it changed in you yourself to put you in the state in which I see you? [5]

If the letter had gone astray, if a charitable hand had thrown it into the fire, the fate of this mortal, happy and unhappy at once, would have been, it seems to me, a strange problem. His unhappiness, you will say, was real. Very well, but he did not feel it; where was it then? His happiness was imaginary. I understand. Health, gaiety, well-being, contentment of mind are no longer anything but visions. We no longer exist where we are; we only exist where we are not. Is it worth the effort to have so great a fear of death if what we live off of remains?

O man, draw your existence up within yourself, and you will no longer be miserable. Remain in the place which nature assigns to you in the chain of being. Nothing will be able to make you leave it. Do not rebel against the hard law of necessity; and do not exhaust your strength by your will to resist that law—strength which heaven gave you not for extending or prolonging your existence but only for preserving it as heaven pleases and for as long as heaven pleases. Your freedom and your power extend only as far as your natural strength, and not beyond. All the rest is only slavery, illusion, and deception. Even domination is servile when it is connected with opinion, for you depend on the prejudices of those you govern by prejudices. To lead them as you please, you must conduct yourself as they please. They have only to change their way of thinking, and you must perforce change your way of acting. Those who come near you have only to know how to govern the opinions of the people whom you believe you govern, or of the favorites who govern you, or those of your family, or your own. These

viziers, courtiers, priests, soldiers, valets, babblers, and even babies—were you a Themistocles in genius *—are going to lead you like a baby yourself in the very midst of your legions. You can do what you like: never will your real authority go farther than your real faculties. As soon as one must see with the eyes of others, one must will with their wills. "My peoples are my subjects," you say proudly. So be it. But you, what are you? The subject of your ministers; and your ministers, in turn, what are they? The subjects of their clerks, their mistresses, the valets of their valets. Take everything, usurp everything; and then pour out handfuls of money, set up batteries of cannon, erect gallows and wheels, give laws and edicts, multiply spies, soldiers, hangmen, prisons, chains. Poor little men, what does all that do for you? You will be neither better served, nor less robbed, nor less deceived, nor more absolute. You will always say, "We want," and you will always do what others want.

The only one who does his own will is he who, in order to do it, has no need to put another's arms at the end of his own; from which it follows that the first of all goods is not authority but freedom. The truly free man wants only what he can do and does what he pleases. That is my fundamental maxim. It need only be applied to childhood for all the rules of education to flow from it.

Society has made man weaker not only in taking from him the right he had over his own strength but, above all, in making his strength insufficient for him. That is why his desires are multiplied along with his weakness, and that is what constitutes the weakness of childhood compared to manhood. If the man is a strong being and the child is a weak being, this is not because the former has more strength absolutely than the latter, but it is because the former can naturally be sufficient unto himself and the latter cannot. The man should, hence, have more will and the child more whim, a word by which I mean all desires which are not true needs and which can only be satisfied with another's help.[7]

I have given the reason for this state of weakness. Nature provides for it by the attachment of fathers and mothers; but this attachment can have its excess, its defect, its abuses. Parents who live in the civil state transport their child into it before the proper age. In giving him more needs than he has, they do not relieve his weakness; they increase it. They increase it still more by exacting from him what nature did not exact. They do so by subjecting to their will the bit of strength which he has for serving his own, by changing into slavery on one side or the other the reciprocal dependence in which his weakness keeps him and their attachment keeps them.

The wise man knows how to stay in his place; but the child, who does not know his place, would not be able to keep to it. Among us he is given a thousand exits by which to leave it. It is for those who

* "This little boy that you see there," said Themistocles to his friends, "is the master of Greece, for he governs his mother, his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, and the Athenians govern Greece." [6] O what little leaders would often be found in the greatest empires, if from the prince one descended by degrees to the first hand which secretly sets things in motion!

govern him to keep him in his place, and this is not an easy task. He ought to be neither beast nor man, but child. It is necessary that he feel his weakness and not that he suffer from it. It is necessary that he be dependent and not that he obey. It is necessary that he ask and not that he command. He is only subject to others by virtue of his needs, and because they see better than he does what is useful to him, what can contribute to, or be harmful to, his preservation. No one, not even the father, has a right to command the child what is not for his good.

Before prejudices and human institutions have corrupted our natural inclinations, the happiness of children, like that of men, consists in the use of their freedom. But in the case of children this freedom is limited by their weakness. Whoever does what he wants is happy if he is self-sufficient; this is the case of the man living in the state of nature. Whoever does what he wants is not happy if his needs surpass his strength; this is the case of the child in the same state. Children, even in the state of nature, enjoy only an imperfect freedom, similar to that enjoyed by men in the civil state.[8] No longer able to do without others, each of us becomes in this respect weak and miserable again. We were made to be men; laws and society have plunged us once more into childhood. The rich, the nobles, the kings are all children who, seeing that men are eager to relieve their misery, derive a puerile vanity from that very fact and are very proud of care that one would not give to them if they were grown men.

These considerations are important and serve to resolve all the contradictions of the social system. There are two sorts of dependence: dependence on things, which is from nature; dependence on men, which is from society. Dependence on things, since it has no morality, is in no way detrimental to freedom and engenders no vices. Dependence on men, since it is without order,* engenders all the vices, and by it, master and slave are mutually corrupted. If there is any means of remedying this ill in society, it is to substitute law for man and to arm the general wills with a real strength superior to the action of every particular will. If the laws of nations could, like those of nature, have an inflexibility that no human force could ever conquer, dependence on men would then become dependence on things again; in the republic all of the advantages of the natural state would be united with those of the civil state, and freedom which keeps man exempt from vices would be joined to morality which raises him to virtue.[10]

Keep the child in dependence only on things. You will have followed the order of nature in the progress of his education. Never present to his undiscriminating will anything but physical obstacles or punishments which stem from the actions themselves and which he will recall on the proper occasion. Without forbidding him to do harm, it suffices to prevent him from doing it. Experience or impotence alone ought to take the place of law for him. Grant nothing to his desires because he asks for it but because he needs it. Let him not know what obedience is when he acts nor what dominion is when one acts for him. Let him sense his liberty equally in his actions and yours. Add to the

* In my *Principles of Political Right*[9] it is demonstrated that no particular will can be ordered in the social system.

strength he lacks exactly as much as he needs in order to be free but not imperious; do so in such a way that he receives your services as a sort of humiliation and longs for the moment when he can do without them and have the honor of serving himself.

Nature has, for strengthening the body and making it grow, means that ought never be opposed. A child must not be constrained to stay when he wants to go nor to go when he wants to stay. When children's wills are not spoiled by our fault, children want nothing uselessly. They have to jump, run, and shout when they wish. All their movements are needs of their constitution seeking to strengthen itself. But one should distrust what they desire but are unable to do for themselves and others have to do for them. Then true need, natural need, must be carefully distinguished from the need which stems from nascent whim or from the need which comes only from the superabundance of life of which I have spoken.[11]

I have already said what must be done when a child cries to have this or that. I shall only add that as soon as he can ask by saying what he desires, and, to get it more quickly or overcome a refusal, he supports his request with tears, it ought to be irrevocably refused him. If need has made him speak, you ought to know it and do immediately what he asks. But to cede anything to his tears is to incite him to shed them, is to teach him to doubt your good will and to believe that importunity can have more effect on you than benevolence. If he does not believe you are good, soon he will be wicked; if he believes you are weak, soon he will be stubborn. It is important always to grant at the first sign what one does not want to refuse. Do not be prodigal with refusal, but revoke it never.

Guard, above all, against giving the child vain formulas of politeness which serve at need as magic words for him to submit to his will everything which surrounds him and to obtain instantly what he pleases. The fancy education of the rich never fails to leave them politely imperious, by prescribing to them the terms they are to use in order that no one dare resist them. Their children have neither the tones nor the wiles of supplication; they are as arrogant when they beg as when they command—indeed, even more so—since they are all the more sure of being obeyed. One sees from the first that in their mouths "If you please" signifies "I please" and that "I beg you" signifies "I order you." Admirable politeness which results only in their changing the sense of words and never being able to speak other than in the accents of dominion! As for me who am less afraid that Emile be coarse than that he be arrogant, I much prefer him to beg by saying, "Do this!" than to command by saying, "I beg you." It is not the term he uses which is important to me but rather the meaning he gives to it.

There is an excess of rigor and an excess of indulgence, both equally to be avoided. If you let children suffer, you expose their health, their life. You make them miserable in the present. If by too much care you spare them every kind of discomfort, you are preparing great miseries for them; you make them delicate, sensitive; you cause them to leave man's estate to which they will return one day in spite of you. So as not to expose them to some ills of nature, you are the artisan of those

nature did not give them. You will tell me that I fall into the class of those bad fathers whom I reproached with sacrificing children's happiness to the consideration of a distant time which may never be.

Not at all, for the freedom I give my pupil amply compensates him for the slight discomforts to which I leave him exposed. I see little rascals playing in the snow, blue and numb with cold, hardly able to move their fingers. Nothing prevents them from going to get warm; they will have none of it. If they were forced to do so, they would feel the rigors of constraint a hundred times more than they feel those of the cold. What then do you complain about? Shall I make your child miserable by not exposing him to discomforts he wants to suffer? I act for his good in the present moment by leaving him free; I act for his good in the future by arming him against the ills he must bear. If he had the choice of being my pupil or yours, do you think he would hesitate for an instant?

Can you conceive of some true happiness possible for any being outside of its constitution? And is not wanting to exempt man from all the ills of his species equally to make him quit his constitution? Yes, I maintain that to feel the great goods he must know the little ills. Such is his nature. If the physical prospers, the moral is corrupted. The man who did not know pain would know neither the tenderness of humanity nor the sweetness of commiseration. His heart would be moved by nothing. He would not be sociable; he would be a monster among his kind.

Do you know the surest means of making your child miserable? It is to accustom him to getting everything; since his desires grow constantly due to the ease of satisfying them, sooner or later powerlessness will force you, in spite of yourself, to end up with a refusal. And this unaccustomed refusal will give him more torment than being deprived of what he desires. First, he will want the cane you are holding; soon he will want your watch; after that he will want the bird flying by; he will want the star he sees shining; he will want everything he sees. Without being God, how will you content him?

It is a disposition natural to man to regard everything in his power as his. In this sense Hobbes's principle is true up to a certain point. Multiply not only our desires but the means of satisfying them, and each will make himself the master of everything.[12] Hence, the child who has only to want in order to get believes himself to be the owner of the universe; he regards all men as his slaves. When one is finally forced to refuse him something, he, believing that at his command everything is possible, takes this refusal for an act of rebellion. All reasons given him at an age when he is incapable of reasoning are to his mind only pretexts. He sees ill will everywhere. The feeling of an alleged injustice souring his nature, he develops hatred toward everyone; and, without ever being grateful for helpfulness, he is indignant at every opposition.

How could I conceive that a child thus dominated by anger and devoured by the most irascible passions might ever be happy? Happy, he! He is a despot. He is at once the most vile of slaves and the most miserable of creatures. I have seen children raised in this way who

wanted that the house be turned over by a bump of the shoulder, that they be given the weathercock they see on a steeple, that a marching regiment be stopped so that the drums could be heard longer; who pierced the air with their cries, unwilling to listen to anyone, as soon as there was a delay in their being obeyed. All hastened vainly to oblige them. With their desires exacerbated by the ease of getting, they were obstinate about impossible things and found everywhere only contradiction, obstacles, efforts, pains. Always grumbling, always rebellious, always furious, they spent their days in screaming, in complaining. Were those very fortunate beings? Weakness and domination joined engender only folly and misery. Of two spoiled children, one beats the table and the other has the sea whipped. They will have to do a lot of whipping and beating before they will live contentedly.[13]

If these ideas of dominion and tyranny make them miserable already in their childhood, what will it be when they grow up and their relations with other men begin to extend and multiply? Accustomed to seeing everything give way before them, what a surprise on entering into the world to feel that everything resists them and to find themselves crushed by the weight of this universe they thought they moved at their pleasure! Their insolent airs, their puerile vanity, attract to them only mortification, disdain, and mockery. They drink affronts like water; cruel experiences soon teach them that they know neither their situation nor their strength. Not omnipotent, they believe they are impotent. So many unaccustomed obstacles dishearten them; so much contempt debases them. They become cowardly, fearful, and fawning and fall as far below themselves as they had previously been raised above themselves.

Let us return to the primary rule. Nature has made children to be loved and helped, but has it made them to be obeyed and feared? Has it given them an imposing air, a severe eye, a rough and threatening voice to make them dreaded? I understand that a lion's roar scares animals and that they tremble on seeing his terrible head. But if an indecent, odious, laughable spectacle has ever been seen, it is a body of magistrates, in ceremonial robes and headed by its chief, prostrate before a child in swaddling whom they harangue in stately terms and who screams and drools as his only response.[14]

To consider childhood in itself, is there in the world a weaker being, a more miserable one, one more at the mercy of everything surrounding him, who has a greater need of pity, care, and protection, than a child? Does it not seem that he presents so sweet a face and so touching a manner only so that all who come near him will take an interest in his weakness and hasten to help him? What is there, then, more shocking, more contrary to order than to see an imperious and rebellious child command all that surrounds him and impudently take on the tone of a master with those who have only to abandon him to make him perish?

On the other hand, who does not see that the weakness of the first age enchains children in so many ways that it is barbarous to add to this subjection a further subjection—that of our caprices—by taking from them a freedom so limited, which they are so litle capable of abusing

and the deprivation of which is of so little utility to them and to us? If there is no object so worthy of ridicule as a haughty child, there is no object so worthy of pity as a fearful child. Since with the age of reason civil servitude begins, why anticipate it with private servitude? Let us suffer that a moment of life be exempt from this yoke which nature did not impose on us, and leave to childhood the exercise of natural freedom that keeps at a distance, for a time at least, vices contracted in slavery. Let these severe teachers and these fathers subjugated by their children both come, then, with their frivolous objections and, before vaunting their methods, learn for once the method of nature.

I return to practice. I have already said that your child ought to get a thing not because he asks for it but because he needs it,* and do a thing not out of obedience but only out of necessity. Thus the words *obey* and *command* will be proscribed from his lexicon, and even more so *duty* and *obligation*. But *strength*, *necessity*, *impotence*, and *constraint* should play a great role in it. Before the age of reason one cannot have any idea of moral beings or of social relations. Hence so far as possible words which express them must be avoided, for fear that the child in the beginning attach to these words false ideas which you will not know about or will no longer be able to destroy. The first false idea which enters his head is the germ in him of error and vice. It is to this first step above all that attention must be paid. Arrange it so that as long as he is struck only by objects of sense, all his ideas stop at sensations; arrange it so that on all sides he perceive around him only the physical world. Without that, you may be sure that he will not listen to you at all, or that he will get fantastic notions of the moral world of which you speak to him, notions that you will never in your life be able to blot out.

To reason with children was Locke's great maxim.[15] It is the one most in vogue today. Its success, however, does not appear to me such as to establish its reputation; and, as for me, I see nothing more stupid than these children who have been reasoned with so much. Of all the faculties of man, reason, which is, so to speak, only a composite of all the others, is the one that develops with the most difficulty and latest. And it is this one which they want to use in order to develop the first faculties! The masterpiece of a good education is to make a reasonable man, and they claim they raise a child by reason! This is to begin with the end, to want to make the product the instrument. If children understood reason, they would not need to be raised. But by speaking to them from an early age a language which they do not understand, one accustoms them to show off with words, to control all that is said to them, to believe themselves as wise as their masters, to become disputatious and rebellious; and everything that is thought to be gotten from them out of reasonable motives is never obtained other than out of

* It ought to be sensed that just as pain is often a necessity, pleasure is sometimes a need. There is, therefore, only one single desire of children which ought never be satisfied: that of being obeyed. From this it follows that in everything they ask for, attention must above all be paid to the motive which leads them to ask for it. So, as far as possible, grant them everything that can give them a real pleasure; always refuse them what they ask for only due to whim or in order to assert their authority.

motives of covetousness or fear or vanity which are always perforce joined to the others.

This is the formula to which all the lessons in morality that are given, and can be given, to children can just about be reduced:

MASTER You must not do that.
CHILD And why must I not do it?
MASTER Because it is bad to do.
CHILD Bad to do! What is bad to do?
MASTER What you are forbidden to do.
CHILD What is bad about doing what I am forbidden to do?
MASTER You are punished for having disobeyed.
CHILD I shall fix it so that nothing is known about it.
MASTER You will be spied on.
CHILD I shall hide.
MASTER You will be questioned.
CHILD I shall lie.
MASTER You must not lie.
CHILD Why must I not lie?
MASTER Because it is bad to do, etc.

This is the inevitable circle. Get out of it, and the child does not understand you any longer. Is this not most useful instruction? I would be quite curious to know what could be put in the place of this dialogue. Locke himself would certainly have been very much at a loss. To know good and bad, to sense the reason for man's duties, is not a child's affair.

Nature wants children to be children before being men. If we want to pervert this order, we shall produce precocious fruits which will be immature and insipid and will not be long in rotting. We shall have young doctors[16] and old children. Childhood has its ways of seeing, thinking, and feeling which are proper to it. Nothing is less sensible than to want to substitute ours for theirs, and I would like as little to insist that a ten-year-old be five feet tall as that he possess judgment. Actually, what would reason do for him at that age? It is the bridle of strength, and the child does not need this bridle.

In trying to persuade your pupils of the duty of obedience, you join to this alleged persuasion force and threats or, what is worse, flattery and promises. In this way, therefore, lured by profit or constrained by force, they pretend to be convinced by reason. They see quite well that obedience is advantageous to them and rebellion harmful when you notice either. But since everything you insist on is unpleasant and, further, it is always irksome to do another's will, they arrange to do their own will covertly. They are persuaded that what they do is right if their disobedience is unknown, but are ready on being caught—in order to avoid a worse evil—to admit that what they do is wrong. Since the reason for duty cannot be grasped at their age, there is not a man in the world who could succeed in giving duty a truly palpable sense for them. But the fear of punishment, the hope of pardon, importunity, awkwardness in answering, wrest all the confessions from them that

are demanded; and it is believed that they have been convinced when they have only been pestered or intimidated.

What results from this? Firstly, by imposing on them a duty they do not feel, you set them against your tyranny and turn them away from loving you. Secondly, you teach them to become dissemblers, fakers, and liars in order to extort rewards or escape punishments. Finally, by accustoming them always to cover a secret motive with an apparent motive, you yourselves give them the means of deceiving you ceaselessly, of depriving you of the knowledge of their true character, and of fobbing you and others off with vain words when the occasion serves. Laws, you will say, although they obligate conscience, nevertheless also use constraint with grown men. I admit it, but what are these men if not children spoiled by education? This is precisely what must be prevented. Use force with children, and reason with men. Such is the natural order. The wise man does not need laws.

Treat your pupil according to his age. At the outset put him in his place, and hold him there so well that he no longer tries to leave it. Then, before knowing what wisdom is, he will practice its most important lesson. Command him nothing, whatever in the world it might be, absolutely nothing. Do not even allow him to imagine that you might pretend to have any authority over him. Let him know only that he is weak and you are strong, that by his condition and yours he is necessarily at your mercy. Let him know it, learn it, feel it. Let his haughty head at an early date feel the harsh yoke which nature imposes on man, the heavy yoke of necessity under which every finite being must bend. Let him see this necessity in things, never in the caprice* of men. Let the bridle that restrains him be force and not authority. Do not forbid him to do that from which he should abstain; prevent him from doing it without explanations, without reasonings. What you grant him, grant at his first word, without solicitations, without prayers—above all, without conditions. Grant with pleasure; refuse only with repugnance. But let all your refusals be irrevocable; let no importunity shake you; let "no," once pronounced, be a wall of bronze against which the child will have to exhaust his strength at most five or six times in order to abandon any further attempts to overturn it.

It is thus that you will make him patient, steady, resigned, calm, even when he has not got what he wanted, for it is in the nature of man to endure patiently the necessity of things but not the ill will of others. The phrase "There is no more" is a response against which no child has ever rebelled unless he believed that it was a lie. Besides, there is no middle point here: nothing must be demanded from him at all, or he must be bent from the outset to the most perfect obedience. The worst education is to leave him floating between his will and yours and to dispute endlessly between you and him as to which of the two will be the master. I would a hundred times prefer that it were always he.

It is quite strange that since people first became involved with raising children, no instrument for guiding them has been imagined

* One should be sure that the child will treat as a caprice every will opposed to his own when he does not appreciate the reason for it. Now a child does not appreciate the reason for anything which clashes with his whims.

other than emulation, jealousy, envy, vanity, avidity, and vile fear—all the most dangerous passions, the quickest to ferment and the most appropriate to corrupt the soul, even before the body has been formed. With each lesson that one wants to put into their heads before its proper time, a vice is planted in the depth of their hearts. Senseless teachers think they work wonders when they make children wicked in order to teach them what goodness is. And then they solemnly tell us, "Such is man." Yes, such is the man you have made.

All the instruments have been tried save one, the only one precisely that can succeed: well-regulated freedom. One ought not to get involved with raising a child if one does not know how to guide him where one wants by the laws of the possible and the impossible alone. The sphere of both being equally unknown to him, they can be expanded and contracted around him as one wants. One enchains, pushes, and restrains him with the bond of necessity alone without his letting out a peep. He is made supple and docile by the force of things alone without any vice having the occasion to germinate in him, for the passions never become animated so long as they are of no effect.

Do not give your pupil any kind of verbal lessons; he ought to receive them only from experience. Inflict no kind of punishment on him, for he does not know what it is to be at fault. Never make him beg pardon, for he could not know how to offend you. Devoid of all morality in his actions, he can do nothing which is morally bad and which merits either punishment or reprimand.

I already see the startled reader judging this child by our children. He is mistaken. The perpetual constraint in which you keep your pupils exacerbates their vivacity. The more they are held in check under your eyes, the more they are turbulent the moment they get away. They have to compensate themselves when they can for the harsh constraint in which you keep them. Two schoolboys from the city will do more damage in a place than the young of an entire village. Close up a little gentleman and a little peasant in a room. The former will have turned everything upside down, broken everything, before the latter has left his place. Why is this, if it is not because the one hastens to abuse a moment of license, while the other, always sure of his freedom, is never in a hurry to make use of it? And nevertheless the children of the village people, themselves often indulged or opposed, are still quite far from the state in which I want them kept.

Let us set down as an incontestable maxim that the first movements of nature are always right. There is no original perversity in the human heart. There is not a single vice to be found in it of which it cannot be said how and whence it entered. The sole passion natural to man is *amour de soi* or *amour-propre* taken in an extended sense.[17] This *amour-propre* in itself or relative to us is good and useful; and since it has no necessary relation to others, it is in this respect naturally neutral. It becomes good or bad only by the application made of it and the relations given to it. Therefore, up to the time when the guide of *amour-propre,* which is reason, can be born, it is important for a child to do nothing because he is seen or heard—nothing, in a word, in relation to

others; he must respond only to what nature asks of him, and then he will do nothing but good.

I do not mean that he will never do damage, that he will not hurt himself, that he will not perhaps break a valuable piece of furniture if he finds it in his reach. He could do a considerable amount of wrong without wrongdoing, because the bad action depends on the intention of doing harm, and he will never have this intention. If he had it one single time, all would be lost already; he would be wicked almost beyond recall.

Some things are bad in the eyes of avarice which are not so in the eyes of reason. In leaving children full freedom to exercise their giddiness, it is proper to put away from them everything that could make it costly and to leave nothing fragile and precious within their reach. Let their quarters be fitted with coarse and solid furniture, no mirrors, no china, no objects of quality. As for my Emile, whom I am raising in the country, his room will have nothing which distinguishes it from a peasant's. What is the use of decorating it so carefully, since he is going to stay in it so little? But I am mistaken. He will decorate it himself, and we shall soon see with what.

If in spite of your precautions, the child succeeds in creating some disorder, in breaking some useful piece, do not punish him for your negligence; do not chide him; let him hear not a single word of reproach; do not permit him even to glimpse that he has brought you grief; act exactly as if the thing had been broken of itself. In short, believe you have accomplished a lot if you can say nothing.

Dare I expose the greatest, the most important, the most useful rule of all education? It is not to gain time but to lose it. Common readers, pardon me my paradoxes. When one reflects, they are necessary and, whatever you may say, I prefer to be a paradoxical man than a prejudiced one.[18] The most dangerous period of human life is that from birth to the age of twelve. This is the time when errors and vices germinate without one's yet having any instrument for destroying them; and by the time the instrument comes, the roots are so deep that it is too late to rip them out. If children jumped all at once from the breast to the age of reason, the education they are given might be suitable for them. But, according to the natural progress, they need an entirely contrary one. They ought to do nothing with their soul until all of its faculties have developed, because while the soul is yet blind, it cannot perceive the torch you are presenting to it or follow the path reason maps out across the vast plain of ideas, a path which is so faint even to the best of eyes.

Thus, the first education ought to be purely negative. It consists not at all in teaching virtue or truth but in securing the heart from vice and the mind from error. If you could do nothing and let nothing be done, if you could bring your pupil healthy and robust to the age of twelve without his knowing how to distinguish his right hand from his left, at your first lessons the eyes of his understanding would open up to reason. Without prejudice, without habit, he would have nothing in him which could hinder the effect of your care. Soon he would

become in your hands the wisest of men; and in beginning by doing nothing, you would have worked an educational marvel.

Take the opposite of the practiced path, and you will almost always do well. Since what is wanted is not to make a child out of a child but a doctor out of a child, fathers and masters can never soon enough scold, correct, reprimand, flatter, threaten, promise, instruct, talk reason. Do better: be reasonable, and do not reason with your pupil, especially to get his approbation for what displeases him. Bringing reason to bear on unpleasant things only makes reason tedious for him and discredits it early in a mind not yet in a condition to understand it. Exercise his body, his organs, his senses, his strength, but keep his soul idle for as long as possible. Be afraid of all sentiments anterior to the judgment which evaluates them. Restrain, arrest alien impressions; and in order to prevent the birth of evil, do not hurry to do good, for good is only truly such when reason enlightens it. Regard all delays as advantages; to advance toward the end without losing anything is to gain a lot. Let childhood ripen in children. And what if some lesson finally becomes necessary to them? Keep yourself from giving it today if you can without danger put it off until tomorrow.

Another consideration confirms the utility of this method. One must know well the particular genius of the child in order to know what moral diet suits him. Each mind has its own form, according to which it needs to be governed; the success of one's care depends on governing it by this form and not by another. Prudent man, spy out nature for a long time; observe your pupil well before saying the first word to him. To start with, let the germ of his character reveal itself freely; constrain it in no way whatsoever in order better to see the whole of it. Do you think this time of freedom is lost for him? Not at all. This is the best way to use it, for you are learning now not to lose a single moment in a more valuable time; while if you begin to act before knowing what must be done, you will act haphazardly. Subject to error, you will have to retrace your steps; you will be farther removed from the goal than if you had been in less of a rush to reach it. Do not therefore act like the miser who loses a great deal for wanting not to lose anything. In the earliest age sacrifice time that you will regain with interest at a more advanced age. The wise doctor does not at first sight giddily give prescriptions but in the first place studies the constitution of his patient before prescribing anything to him. He may begin to treat the patient late but he cures him, whereas the doctor who is in too much of a rush kills him.

But where will we put this child to raise him like a being without sensation, like an automaton? Will we keep him in the moon's orb or on a desert island? Will we keep him away from all human beings? Will he not constantly have in the world the spectacle and the example of others' passions? Will he never see other children of his age? Will he not see his parents, his neighbors, his nurse, his governess, his lackey, even his governor who, after all, will not be an angel?

This objection is strong and solid. But did I tell you that a natural education was an easy undertaking? O men, is it my fault if you have made everything good difficult? I sense these difficulties; I agree that

they are difficulties. Perhaps they are insurmountable. But it is still certain that in applying oneself to overcoming them, one does overcome them up to a certain point. I show the goal that must be set; I do not say that it can be reached. But I do say that he who comes nearest to it will have succeeded best.

Remember that before daring to undertake the formation of a man, one must have made oneself a man. One must find within oneself the example the pupil ought to take for his own. While the child is still without knowledge, there is time to prepare everything that comes near him in order that only objects suitable for him to see meet his first glances. Make yourself respectable to everyone. Begin by making yourself loved so that each will seek to please you. You will not be the child's master if you are not the master of all that surrounds him; and this authority will never be sufficient if it is not founded on the esteem for virtue. It is not a question of emptying one's purse and spending money by the handful. I have never seen that money has made anyone loved. One ought not to be miserly and hard nor merely pity the poverty that one can relieve. But you can open your coffers all you want; if you do not also open your heart, others' hearts will always remain closed to you. It is your time, your care, your affection, it is you yourself that must be given. For no matter what you do, people never feel that your money is you. There are tokens of interest and benevolence which produce a greater effect and are really more useful than any gifts. How many unfortunate people, how many sick people need consolation more than alms! How many oppressed people need protection more than money! Reconcile people who have quarreled; forestall litigations; bring children to their duty, fathers to indulgence; encourage happy marriages; prevent harassment; use, lavish the influence of your pupil's parents in favor of the weak man to whom justice is denied and who is crushed by the powerful man. Loudly proclaim yourself the protector of the unfortunate. Be just, humane, and beneficent. Give not only alms; give charity. Works of mercy relieve more ills than does money. Love others, and they will love you. Serve them, and they will serve you. Be their brother, and they will be your children.

This is again one of the reasons why I want to raise Emile in the country far from the rabble of valets—who are, after their masters, the lowest of men—far from the black morals of cities which are covered with a veneer seductive and contagious for children, unlike peasants' vices which, unadorned and in all their coarseness, are more fit to repel than to seduce when there is no advantage in imitating them.

In a village a governor will be much more the master of the objects he wants to present the child. His reputation, his speeches, and his example will have an authority which they could not have in the city. Since he is useful to everyone, all will be eager to oblige him, to be esteemed by him, to show themselves to the disciple as the master would want them really to be. And if they do not actually reform, they will at least abstain from scandal; this is all we need for our project.

Stop blaming others for your own faults; the evil children see corrupts them less than that which you teach them. Always sermonizers, always moralists, always pedants, for one idea you give them, believing it

to be good, you give them at the same time twenty that are worthless. Full of what is going on in your head, you do not see the effect you are producing in theirs. In this long stream of words with which you constantly exasperate them, do you think there is not one which they misapprehend? Do you think that they do not make their own commentaries on your diffuse explanations, and that they do not find in these explanations the material for setting up a system on their own level, which they will know how to use against you when the occasion demands?

Listen to a little fellow who has just been indoctrinated. Let him chatter, question, utter foolishness at his ease, and you are going to be surprised at the strange turn your reasonings have taken in his mind. He mixes up everything, turns everything upside down; he makes you lose your patience, sometimes grieves you by unforeseen objections. He reduces you to silence or to silencing him, and what can he think of this silence on the part of a man who likes to talk so much? If ever he gains this advantage and notices it, farewell to education. Everything is finished from this moment: he no longer seeks to learn; he seeks to refute you.

Zealous masters, be simple, discreet, restrained; never hasten to act except to prevent others from acting. I shall repeat it endlessly: put off, if possible, a good lesson for fear of giving a bad one. On this earth, out of which nature has made man's first paradise, dread exercising the tempter's function in wanting to give innocence the knowledge of good and evil. Unable to prevent the child's learning from examples out of doors, limit your vigilance to impressing these examples upon his mind accompanied by the images suitable for him.

Impetuous passions produce a great effect on the child who is witness to them because their manifestations are such as to strike his senses and force him to pay attention. Anger, in particular, is so noisy in its transports that one cannot fail to notice it if one is within its range. It need not be asked whether this is the occasion for a pedagogue to start out on a fine speech. Now, no fine speeches! Nothing at all; not a single word. Let the child come; surprised at the spectacle, he will not fail to question you. The response is simple; it is drawn from the very objects which strike his senses. He sees an inflamed face, glittering eyes, threatening gestures; he hears shouts—all signs that the body is out of kilter. Tell him calmly, without affectation and without mystery, "This poor man is sick; he is in a fit of fever." On this basis you can find occasions to give him, but in a few words, an idea of illnesses and their effects, for that, too, belongs to nature and is one of the bonds of necessity to which he should feel himself subjected.[19]

Is it possible that from this idea, which is not false, he will not early on contract a certain repugnance to abandoning himself to the excesses of the passions, which he will regard as diseases? And do you believe that some such notion, given apropos, will not produce an effect as salutary as the most boring moral sermon? Moreover, just consider the future ramifications of this notion! Now you are authorized, if you are ever forced to do so, to treat a rebellious child as a sick child, to shut him up in his room, in his bed if necessary, to keep him on a diet,

to frighten him with his own nascent vices, to render them odious and redoubtable to him, without his ever being able to regard as a chastisement the severity you will perhaps be forced to use to cure him of them. If it should happen that you yourself, in a moment of heat, lose that coolness and moderation which you should make your study, do not seek to disguise your mistake before him, but tell him frankly with a tender reproach, "My friend, you hurt me."

Furthermore, it is important that none of a child's naïve statements—the products of the simplicity of the ideas on which he feeds—ever be picked up in his presence or quoted in such a way that he can learn of it. An indiscreet outburst of laughter can ruin the work of six months and do irreparable harm for the whole of life. I cannot repeat often enough that to be the child's master one must be one's own master. I see my little Emile, at the height of a fracas between two neighbors, approaching the more furious of the two and saying to her in a tone of commiseration, "My good woman, you are sick. I am so sorry about it." This sally will surely not remain without effect on the spectators or perhaps on the actresses. Without laughing, without scolding him, without praising him, I take him away willingly or forcibly before he can see this effect, or at least before he thinks about it, and I hasten to distract him with other objects which make him forget it right away.

It is my design not to enter into all the details but only to expound the general maxims and to give examples for difficult occasions. I hold it to be impossible to bring a child along to the age of twelve in the bosom of society without giving him some idea of the relations of man to man and of the morality of human actions. It is enough if one takes pains to ensure that these notions become necessary to him as late as possible and, when their presentation is unavoidable, to limit them to immediate utility, with the sole intention of preventing him from believing himself master of everything and from doing harm to others without scruple and without knowing it. There are gentle and quiet characters whom one can take a long way in their first innocence without danger. But there are also violent natures whose ferocity develops early and whom one must hasten to make into men so as not to be obliged to put them in chains.

Our first duties are to ourselves; our primary sentiments are centered on ourselves; all our natural movements relate in the first instance to our preservation and our well-being. Thus, the first sentiment of justice does not come to us from the justice we owe but from that which is owed us; and it is again one of the mistakes of ordinary educations that, speaking at first to children of their duties, never of their rights, one begins by telling them the opposite of what is necessary, what they cannot understand, and what cannot interest them.[20]

If, therefore, I had to guide one of those children I just mentioned, I would say to myself, "A child does not attack persons * but things; and

* One ought never to permit a child to play with grownups as with his inferiors or even as with his equals. If he seriously dares to strike someone, be it his lackey, be it the hangman, arrange that his blows be always returned with interest and in such a way as to destroy the desire to revert to the practice. I have seen imprudent governesses animate the unruliness of a child, incite him to strike, let themselves be

soon he learns by experience to respect whoever surpasses him in age and strength. But things do not defend themselves. The first idea which must be given him is therefore less that of liberty than that of property; and for him to be able to have this idea, he must have something that belongs to him. To mention to him his clothing, his furniture, his toys, is to say nothing to him, since, although he disposes of these things, he knows neither why nor how he came by them. To say to him that he has them because they were given to him is hardly to do better, for, in order to give, one must have. Here is, therefore, a property anterior to his, and it is the principle of property one wants to explain to him, not to mention that a gift is a convention and that the child cannot know yet what convention is." * Readers, in this example and in a hundred thousand others, I beg you to note how we stuff children's heads with words which have no meaning within their reach and then believe we have instructed them very well.

The thing to do therefore is to go back to the origin of property, for it is there that the first idea of it ought to be born. The child, living in the country, will have gotten some notion of labor in the fields. For this only eyes and leisure are necessary; he will have both. It belongs to every age, especially his, to want to create, imitate, produce, give signs of power and activity. It will not take two experiences of seeing a garden plowed, sowed, sprouting, and growing vegetables for him to want to garden in his turn.

According to the principles previously established, I in no way oppose his desire. On the contrary, I encourage it, I share his taste. I work with him, not for his pleasure, but for mine; at least he believes it to be so. I become his gardener's helper. Until he has arms I plow the earth for him. He takes possession of it by planting a bean in it. And surely this possession is more sacred and more respectable than that taken of South America when Núñez Balboa in the name of the King of Spain planted his standard on the shore of the South Sea.

We come every day to water the beans; with transports of joy we see them sprout. I increase this joy by saying to him: "This belongs to you." And then, explaining to him this term "belong," I make him feel that he has put his time, his labor, his effort, finally his person there; that there is in this earth something of himself that he can claim against anyone whomsoever, just as he could withdraw his arm from the hand of another man who wanted to hold on to it in spite of him.[21]

One fine day he arrives eagerly with the watering can in his hand. O what a sight! O pain! All the beans are rooted out, the plot is torn up, the very spot is not to be recognized. O, what has become of my labor, my product, the sweet fruit of my care and my sweat? Who has stolen my goods? Who took my beans from me? This young heart is

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struck, and laugh at his feeble blows, without thinking that in the intention of the little enraged one these blows were so many murders and that he who wants to strike when young will want to kill when grown.

* This is why most children want to have back what they have given and cry when one does not want to return it to them. This no longer occurs when they have gotten a good conception of what a gift is, but then they are more circumspect about giving.

aroused. The first sentiment of injustice comes to shed its sad bitterness in it. Tears flow in streams. The grieving child fills the air with moans and cries. I partake of his pain, his indignation. We look; we investigate; we make searches.[22] Finally we discover that the gardener did the deed. He is summoned.

But we certainly do not get what we expect. The gardener, learning what we are complaining about, begins to complain more loudly than we do. "What, sirs! Is it you who have thus ruined my work? I had sowed Maltese melons there, the seeds of which had been given me as a treasure and with which I hoped to regale you when they were ripe. But now, in order to plant your miserable beans there, you destroyed my melons for me when they were already sprouting, and they can never be replaced. You have done me an irreparable wrong, and you have deprived yourselves of the pleasure of eating exquisite melons."

JEAN-JACQUES Excuse us, my poor Robert. You had put your labor, your effort there. I see clearly that we did wrong in ruining your work. But we will have other Maltese seeds sent to you. And we will never again work the land before knowing whether someone has put his hand to it before us.

ROBERT Very well, sirs! You can then take your rest. There is hardly any fallow land left. I work what my father improved. Each in turn does the same, and all the lands you see have been occupied for a long time.

EMILE Monsieur Robert, are melon seeds often lost then?

ROBERT Pardon me, my young fellow, but little gentlemen as giddy as you do not often come our way. No one touches his neighbor's garden. Each respects the labor of others so that his own will be secure.

EMILE But I don't have a garden.

ROBERT What do I care? If you ruin mine, I won't let you go around in it any more, for, you see, I don't want to waste my effort.

JEAN-JACQUES Couldn't we propose an arrangement with the good Robert? Let him grant us, my little friend and me, a corner of his garden to cultivate on the condition that he will have half the produce.

ROBERT I grant it to you without condition. But remember that I will go and plow up your beans if you touch my melons.

In this model of the way of inculcating primary notions in children one sees how the idea of property naturally goes back to the right of the first occupant by labor. That is clear, distinct, simple, and within the child's reach. From there to the right of property and to exchange there is only a step, after which one must simply stop short.

One sees further that an explanation that I enclose here in two pages of writing will perhaps take a year to put into practice, for in the career of moral ideas one cannot advance too slowly nor consolidate oneself too well at each step. Young masters, think, I beg you, about this example, and remember that in everything your lessons ought to

be more in actions than in speeches; for children easily forget what they have said and what has been said to them, but not what they have done and what has been done to them.

Instruction of the kind ought, as I have said, to be given sooner or later as the peaceful or turbulent nature of the pupil accelerates or delays the need. How it should be given is obvious; but so as to leave out nothing of importance in difficult matters, let us give yet another example.

Your ill-tempered child ruins everything he touches. Do not get angry; put what he can damage out of his reach. He breaks the furniture he uses. Do not hurry to replace it for him. Let him feel the disadvantage of being deprived of it. He breaks the windows of his room; let the wind blow on him night and day without worrying about colds, for it is better that he have a cold than that he be crazy. Never complain about the inconveniences he causes you, but make him be the one to feel those inconveniences first. Finally, you have the windows repaired, continuing to say nothing about it. He breaks them again. Then change method. Tell him curtly but without anger, "The windows are mine; they were put there by my efforts; I want to protect them." Then you will close him up in darkness in a place without windows. In response to such a new procedure he begins by crying and ranting. No one listens to him. Soon he tires and changes tone. He moans and groans. A domestic turns up; the rebel begs him for deliverance. Without seeking pretexts for not doing it, the domestic responds, "I too have windows to protect," and leaves. Finally, after the child has remained there several hours, long enough to get bored and to remember it, someone will suggest to him that he propose an agreement by means of which you will give him back his freedom if he no longer breaks windows. He will not ask for better. He will have you asked to come and see him. You will come. He will make you his proposition, and you will accept it on the instant, saying to him, "That is very well thought out; we will both be gainers by it. Why didn't you have this good idea sooner?" And then, without asking that he declare or confirm his promise, you will embrace him with joy and take him to his room right away, regarding this agreement as sacred and inviolable as if an oath had been given on it. What idea do you think he will get from this procedure about the faith of commitments and their utility? I am mistaken if there is a single child on earth, not already spoiled, who would be proof against this conduct and take it into his head after that to break a window intentionally.* Follow all the links of this chain. The naughty

* Moreover, if this duty to keep commitments were not consolidated in the child's mind by the weight of its utility, soon the inner sentiment, beginning to sprout, would impose it on him like a law of conscience, like an innate principle which awaits in order to bloom only the kinds of knowledge to which it applies. This first sketch is not drawn by the hand of man but is graven in our hearts by the Author of all justice. Take away the primary law of conventions and the obligation it imposes, and everything is illusory and vain in human society. He who keeps his promise only for profit is hardly more bound than if he had promised nothing, or, at most, he is in the position to violate it like the tennis players who put off using a *bisque* [23] only in order to wait for the moment to use it most advantageously. This principle is of the utmost importance and merits deeper study. For it is here that man begins to set himself in contradiction to himself.

child hardly dreamed, while making a hole for planting his bean, that he was digging for himself a dungeon where his science would not be long in shutting him up.

Here we are in the moral world; here the door on vice opens. With conventions and duties are born deceit and lying. As soon as one can do what one ought not, one wants to hide what one ought not to have done. As soon as an interest causes a promise, a greater interest can cause the violation of the promise. The only concern now is to violate it with impunity. The means are natural; one conceals and one lies. Not having been able to forestall vice, we are now already reduced to punishing it. Here are the miseries of human life which begin with its errors.

I have said enough to make it understood that punishment as punishment must never be inflicted on children, but it should always happen to them as a natural consequence of their bad action. Thus you will not declaim against lying; you will not precisely punish them for having lied; but you will arrange it so that all the bad effects of lying—such as not being believed when one tells the truth, of being accused of the evil that one did not do although one denies it—come in league against them when they have lied. But let us explain what lying is for children.

There are two sorts of lies: the de facto lie, which is with respect to the past; the de jure, which is with respect to the future. The former takes place when one denies having done what one has done, or when one affirms having done what one has not done, and in general when one knowingly speaks contrary to the truth of things. The other takes place when one makes a promise that one does not plan to keep, and, in general, when one gives evidence of an intention contrary to the intention one has. These two lies can sometimes be joined in a single one,* but I am considering them here under the aspect of their difference.

He who is aware of the need he has of others' help, and who never fails to experience their benevolence, has no interest in deceiving them; on the contrary, he has a palpable interest in their seeing things as they are, for fear that they might make a mistake prejudicial to him. It is, therefore, clear that the de facto lie is not natural to children. But it is the law of obedience which produces the necessity of lying, because since obedience is irksome, it is secretly dispensed with as much as possible, and the present interest in avoiding punishment or reproach wins out over the distant interest of revealing the truth. In the natural and free education why would your child lie to you? What has he to hide from you? You do not reprove him; you punish him for nothing; you exact nothing from him. Why would he not tell you everything he has done as naïvely as he would his little comrade? He can see in this admission no more danger from one direction than the other.

The de jure lie is still less natural, since promises to do or to forbear are conventional acts which depart from the state of nature and impair freedom. What is more, all commitments of children are in themselves null, because, since their limited view cannot extend beyond the present,

* Such as, when accused of a bad action, the guilty party defends himself by claiming he is an honest man. His lie is then de facto and de jure.

in committing themselves they do not know what they are doing. The child hardly can lie when he commits himself; for, thinking only how to get through a situation at the present moment, every means which does not have a present effect becomes the same for him. In promising for a future time, he promises nothing, and his imagination, still dormant, does not know how to extend his being over two different times. If he could avoid the whip or get a bag of sugared almonds by promising to throw himself out of the window tomorrow, he would make the promise on the spot. This is why laws take no account of children's commitments; and when, more severe, fathers and masters exact their fulfillment, it is only in those things the child ought to do even if he had not promised.

Since the child does not know what he is doing when he commits himself, then he cannot lie in committing himself. It is not the same when he breaks his promise, which is now a kind of retroactive lie, for he remembers very well having made this promise; but what he does not see is the importance of keeping it. Not in a condition to read the future, he cannot foresee the consequences of things, and when he violates his commitments, he does nothing contrary to the reason of his age.

It follows from this that children's lies are all the work of masters, and that to want to teach them to tell the truth is nothing other than to teach them to lie. In one's eagerness to control them, to govern them, to instruct them, one finds one never has sufficient means for reaching the goal. One wants to give oneself new holds on their minds by means of maxims without foundation and precepts without reason; one prefers that they know their lessons and lie, rather than remain ignorant and true.

For us who give our pupils only lessons in practice and who prefer that they be good rather than learned—we do not exact the truth from them lest they disguise it, and we make them give no promises that they would be tempted not to keep. If in my absence something bad were to happen and I did not know the author of it, I would take care not to accuse Emile and say to him, "Was it you?" *—for what else would I be doing by this than teaching him to deny it? If his difficult natural disposition compels me to come to some agreement with him, I will arrange things so carefully that the suggestion always comes from him, never from me; that when he has committed himself, he always has a present and palpable interest in fulfilling his commitment; and that if he ever fails to do so, the lie attracts evils to him which he sees as coming from the very order of things and not from the vengeance of his governor. But, far from needing to resort to expedients so cruel, I am almost sure that Emile will learn quite late what it is to lie and that, in learning, he will be quite surprised, unable to conceive what a lie might be

* Nothing is more indiscreet than such a question, especially when the child is guilty: then if he believes that you know that he did it, he will see that you are setting a trap for him, and this opinion cannot fail to turn him against you. If he does not believe it, he will say to himself, "Why should I reveal my offense?" And this is the first temptation to lie, the effect of your imprudent question.

good for. It is quite clear that the more I make his well-being independent of either the will or the judgments of others, the more I reduce any interest in him to lie.

When one is not in a hurry to instruct, one is not in a hurry to demand and takes one's time so as to demand nothing except opportunely. Then, the child is formed by the very fact of not being spoiled. But when a giddy preceptor, not knowing how to go about it, makes him promise this or that at every instant, without distinction, selectivity, or moderation, the child, bored, overburdened with all these promises, neglects them, forgets them, finally despises them, and, regarding them as so many vain formulas, makes a game out of making them and breaking them. Do you want, then, that he be faithful to his word? Be discreet in exacting it.

The detail I have just gone into about lying can in many respects be applied to all the other duties, which are never prescribed to children except in such a way as to make them not only hateful but impracticable. Appearing to preach virtue to children, one makes them love all the vices. The vices are given to them by forbidding them to have them. Does one want to make them pious? They are taken to church to be bored. Constantly made to mumble prayers, they are driven to aspire to the happiness of no longer praying to God. That charity be inspired in them, they are made to give alms—as if one despised giving them oneself. Oh no, it is not the child who ought to give; it is the master. To the extent that he is attached to his pupil, he ought to dispute this honor with him; he ought to make the pupil judge that at his age one is not yet worthy of it. Alms giving is an action for a man who knows the value of what he gives and the need that his fellow man has of it. In the child, who knows nothing about that, giving cannot be a merit. He gives without charity, without beneficence. He is almost ashamed to give when, based on his example and yours, he believes that it is only children who give and that, grown up, one no longer gives alms.

Note that the child is always made to give only things of whose value he is ignorant—some pieces of metal which he has in his pocket and which he uses only for giving. A child would rather give a hundred louis than a cake. But commit this prodigal distributor to give things which are dear to him—toys, candies, his snack—and we shall soon know if you have made him truly liberal.

A remedy for this, too, is found: it is at once to return to the child what he gave, so that he gets accustomed to giving everything which he is certain of getting back. I have scarcely seen in children any but these two kinds of generosity: giving what is good for nothing for them, or giving what they are sure is going to be returned to them. Arrange it so, says Locke, that they be convinced by experience that the most liberal man always comes off best.[24] That is to make a child in appearance liberal and in fact a miser. Locke adds that children will contract in this way the habit of liberality. Yes, of a usurious liberality which gives an egg to have a cow. But when the case involves straightforward giving, farewell to the habit. When one stops returning, they will soon stop giving. One must look to the habit of the soul rather than to that of

the hands. All the other virtues which are taught children resemble this one, and it is to preach these solid virtues to them that one uses up their young years in gloom. Is this not an informed education!

Masters, leave off pretenses. Be virtuous and good. Let your examples be graven in your pupils' memories until they can enter their hearts. Instead of hastening to exact acts of charity from my pupil, I prefer to do them in his presence and to deprive him of even the means of imitating me in this, as an honor which is not for his age; for it is important that he not get accustomed to regarding the duties of men as only the duties of children. If, seeing me assisting the poor, he questions me about it, and it is time to answer him,* I shall say to him: "My friend, this is because, when the poor were willing to let there be rich men, the rich promised to sustain all those who do not have the means of life, either from their goods or from their labor." "Then did you, too, promise that?" he will rejoin. "Certainly, I am master of the wealth that passes through my hands only on the condition attached to its being property."

After having heard this speech (and it has been seen how a child can be put in a condition to understand it), another than Emile would be tempted to imitate me and to behave like a rich man. In such a case I would at least prevent him from doing so ostentatiously. I would prefer his robbing me of my right and covertly giving. This is a fraud appropriate to his age, and the only one I would pardon him.

I know that all these virtues by imitation are the virtues of apes, and that no good action is morally good except when it is done because it is good and not because others do it. But at an age when the heart feels nothing yet, children just have to be made to imitate the acts whose habit one wants to give them, until the time when they can do them out of discernment and love of the good. Man is an imitator. Even animals are. The taste for imitation belongs to well-ordered nature, but in society it degenerates into vice. The ape imitates man whom he fears and does not imitate the animals whom he despises. He judges to be good what is done by a being better than he. Among us, on the other hand, our Harlequins of every sort imitate the beautiful to degrade it, to make it ridiculous. They seek, in the feeling of their own baseness, to level what surpasses them in worth. Or if they make efforts to imitate what they admire, one sees in the choice of objects the false taste of the imitators. They want to make an impression on others or to get applause for their talent far more than to make themselves better or wiser. The foundation of imitation among us comes from the desire always to be transported out of ourselves. If I succeed in my enterprise, Emile surely will not have this desire. We must, therefore, give up the apparent good which imitation can produce.

Think through all the rules of your education; you will find them misconceived, especially those that concern virtues and morals. The only lesson of morality appropriate to childhood, and the most important for every age, is never to harm anyone. The very precept of

* It should be grasped that I do not answer his questions when he pleases but when I please; otherwise I would be the servant of his will and put myself in the most dangerous dependence in which a governor can be in relation to his pupil.

doing good, if it is not subordinated to this one, is dangerous, false, and contradictory. Who does not do good? Everybody does it—the wicked man as well as others. He makes one man happy at the expense of making a hundred men miserable; and this is the source of all our calamities. The most sublime virtues are negative. They are also the most difficult, because they are without ostentation and above even that pleasure so sweet to the heart of man, the pleasure of sending someone away satisfied with us. O what good is necessarily done to his fellows by the one among them, if there is such a one, who never does them harm! What an intrepid soul, what a vigorous character he needs for that! It is not in reasoning about this maxim, but in trying to put it into practice, that one feels how great it is and how difficult of success.*

These are but a few feeble ideas of the precautions I would wish to see taken in giving children instruction that one sometimes cannot refuse them without exposing them to harming themselves and others—and especially to contracting bad habits which would be hard to correct in them later. But we can be sure that this necessity will rarely present itself for children raised as they ought to be. Because it is impossible for them to become intractable, wicked, lying, greedy, when one has not sowed in their hearts the vices which make them such. Thus, what I have said on this point serves more for the exception than the rule. But to the extent that children have more occasions to step out of their condition and contract the vices of men, exceptions of this kind are the more frequent. Those raised in the midst of men must of necessity have earlier instruction than those raised in an out-of-the-way place. This solitary education would, therefore, be preferable even if its only effect were to give childhood the time for ripening.

There is on the other side another kind of exception for those whom a happy nature raises above their age. As there are men who never leave childhood, there are others who, so to speak, do not go through it and who are men almost at birth. The difficulty is that this latter exception is very rare, very hard to recognize, and that every mother, imagining that a child might be a prodigy, has no doubt that hers is one. Mothers go yet farther; they take as marks of extraordinary promise the very things which point to the accustomed order: vivacity, flashes of wit, giddiness, piquant naïveté—all the most characteristic and telling signs that a child is only a child. Is it surprising that he who is made to talk a lot, who is permitted to say everything, and who is not hindered by deference or propriety, should by chance make some lucky hit? It would be far more surprising if he never did, just as it would be if along with a thousand lies an astrologer never predicted a single truth.

* The precept of never hurting another carries with it that of being attached to human society as little as possible, for in the social state the good of one necessarily constitutes the harm of another. This relation is in the essence of the thing, and nothing can change it. On the basis of this principle, let one investigate who is the better: the social man or the solitary man. An illustrious author says it is only the wicked man who is alone.[25] I say that it is only the good man who is alone. If this proposition is less sententious, it is truer and better reasoned than the former one. If the wicked man were alone, what harm would he do? It is in society that he sets up his devices for hurting others. If one wishes to turn this argument around to apply to the good man, I answer with the passage to which this note belongs.

They will lie so much, said Henri IV, that finally they will tell the truth.[26] Whoever wishes to come up with a certain number of *bons mots* has only to say many stupid things. God save the fashionable folk who have no other claim to fame.

The most brilliant thoughts can come into children's brains, or, rather, the best lines into their mouths, as diamonds of the greatest value might come into their hands, without either the thoughts or the diamonds thereby belonging to them. There is no true property of any kind at that age. The things a child says are not to him what they are to us; he does not attach the same ideas to them. His ideas, if indeed he has any at all, will have neither order nor connection in his head—nothing fixed, nothing certain in all that he thinks. Examine your alleged prodigy. At certain moments you will find in him an extremely taut mainspring, a clarity of mind which can pierce the clouds. Most often this same mind will seem lax to you, soggy, and, as it were, surrounded by a thick fog. At one time it gets ahead of you, the next, it remains immobile. At one moment you would say, "He's a genius," and at the next, "He's a fool." You would be mistaken in both cases: what he is is a child. He is an eaglet who for an instant cleaves the air and then falls back into his eyrie.

Treat him, then, according to his age, in spite of the appearances, and be afraid of exhausting his strength for having wanted to exercise it too much. If this young brain warms up, if you see it beginning to boil, let it ferment freely at first, but never stimulate it lest it expend itself. And when the first spirits have evaporated, retain and compress the others until, over the years, all turns into heat and true strength. Otherwise, you will waste your time and your effort. You will destroy your own work; and after having intoxicated yourself out of season on all these inflammable vapors, you will be left with only a *marc* [27] without vigor.

From giddy children come vulgar men. I know of no observation more universal and more certain than this one. Nothing is more difficult in respect of childhood than to distinguish real stupidity from that merely apparent and deceptive stupidity which is the presage of strong souls. It seems strange at first that the two extremes should have such similar signs. Nevertheless, it is properly so; for at an age when man as yet has nothing that is truly an idea, the entire difference between one who has genius and one who does not is that the latter accepts only false ideas, and the former, finding only such, accepts none. Thus the genius resembles the stupid child in that the latter is capable of nothing while nothing is suitable for the former. The only sign which permits the two to be distinguished depends on chance, which may present the genius some idea within his reach, while the stupid child is always the same everywhere. Cato the Younger during his childhood seemed an imbecile at home. He was taciturn and stubborn—this is all he was judged to be. It was only in Sulla's antechamber that his uncle learned to know him. If he had not entered that antechamber, perhaps he would have passed for a brute until the age of reason. If Caesar had not lived, perhaps they would always have treated as a visionary this very Cato who discerned Caesar's fatal genius and foresaw all his projects

so far in advance.[28] O how those who make such hasty judgments about children are liable to mistakes! They are often more children than the children. I have seen a man who honored me with his friendship taken, at a rather advanced age, to be a limited mind by his family and his friends. This excellent head ripened in silence. Suddenly he proved to be a philosopher, and I do not doubt that posterity will give him an honorable and distinguished place among the best reasoners and the most profound metaphysicians of his age.[29]

Respect childhood, and do not hurry to judge it, either for good or for ill. Let the exceptional children show themselves, be proved, and be confirmed for a long time before adopting special methods for them. Leave nature to act for a long time before you get involved with acting in its place, lest you impede its operations. You know, you say, the value of time and do not want to waste any of it? You do not see that using time badly wastes time far more than doing nothing with it and that a badly instructed child is farther from wisdom than the one who has not been instructed at all. You are alarmed to see him consume his early years in doing nothing. What? Is it nothing to be happy? Is it nothing to jump, play, and run all day? He will never be so busy in his life. Plato in his republic, believed to be so austere, raises the children only by festivals, games, songs, and pastimes; [30] one could say that he has done everything when he has taught them well how to enjoy themselves. And Seneca, speaking of the old Roman youth, says: "They were always on their feet; they were taught nothing that had to be taught sitting." [31] Were they for that worth any the less on reaching manhood? Therefore, do not be overly frightened by this alleged idleness. What would you say of a man who, in order to profit from his whole life, never wanted to sleep? You would say, "That man is crazy; he does not gain time for his joy; he deprives himself of it. To flee sleep, he races toward death." Be aware, then, that we have here the same thing and that childhood is reason's sleep.

Apparent facility at learning is the cause of children's ruin. It is not seen that this very facility is the proof they learn nothing. Their brain, smooth and polished, returns, like a mirror, the objects presented to it. But nothing remains; nothing penetrates. The child retains the words; the ideas are reflected off of him. Those who hear him understand them; only he does not understand them.

Although memory and reasoning are two essentially different faculties, nevertheless the one develops truly only with the other. Before the age of reason the child receives not ideas but images; and the difference between the two is that images are only absolute depictions of sensible objects, while ideas are notions of objects determined by relations. An image can stand all alone in the mind which represents it, but every idea supposes other ideas. When one imagines, one does nothing but see; when one conceives, one is comparing. Our sensations are purely passive, while all our perceptions or ideas are born out of an active principle which judges. This will be demonstrated hereafter.

Therefore I say that children, not being capable of judgment, do not have true memory. They retain sounds, figures, sensations, ideas rarely, the connections between ideas more rarely. Those who object,

saying that children learn some elements of geometry, believe this to be good proof against me; whereas on the contrary, it is proof for my case. It is demonstrable that, far from knowing how to reason by themselves, little geometers do not even know how to retain the reasonings of others. For follow them in their method, and you see immediately that they have retained only the exact impression of the figure and the terms of the demonstration. At the least new objection they can no longer follow. Turn the figure upside down, they can no longer follow. Their entire learning is in sensation; nothing has gone through to the understanding. Their memory itself is hardly more perfect than their other faculties, since they must almost always, when they are grown, relearn the things for which they learned the words in childhood.

I am, however, very far from thinking that children have no kind of reasoning.* On the contrary, I see that they reason very well in everything they know that relates to their immediate and palpable interest. But one is mistaken about their knowledge, ascribing to them knowledge they do not have and making them reason about what they could not understand. One is again mistaken in wanting to make them pay attention to considerations which do not touch them in any way, such as their future concerns, their happiness when they are men, the esteem in which they will be held as adults—speeches which, given to beings unendowed with any foresight, signify absolutely nothing to them. Now all the studies forced on these poor unfortunates are directed to these objects entirely alien to their minds. You can judge of the attention they can pay to them!

The pedagogues who present such a showy display of the instruction they give their disciples are paid for using other language than mine. However, one sees by their very conduct that they think exactly as I do, for what do they teach them after all? Words, more words, always words. Among the various sciences that they boast of teaching their pupils, they are quite careful not to include those which would be truly useful to them, because they would be sciences of things, and with these they would not succeed. Rather they choose those sciences one appears to know when one knows their terminology: heraldry, geography, chronology, languages, etc.—all studies so far from man, and especially from the child, that it would be a wonder if anything at all in them were of use to him a single time in his life.

People will be surprised that I number the study of languages among

* I have a hundred times in writing made the reflection that it is impossible in a long work always to give the same meanings to the same words. There is no language rich enough to furnish as many terms, turns, and phrases as our ideas can have modifications. The method of defining all the terms and constantly substituting the definition in the place of the defined is fine but impracticable, for how can a circle be avoided? Definitions could be good if words were not used to make them. In spite of that, I am persuaded that one can be clear, even in the poverty of our language, not by always giving the same meanings to the same words, but by arranging it so that as often as each word is used, the meaning given it be sufficiently determined by the ideas related to it and that each period where the word is found serves it, so to speak, as a definition. One time I say children are incapable of reasoning; another time I make them reason quite keenly. I do not believe that with that I contradict myself in my ideas; but I cannot gainsay that I often contradict myself in my expressions.

the useless parts of education. But remember that I am speaking here only of studies appropriate to the early years; and, whatever may be said, I do not believe that up to the age of twelve or fifteen any child, prodigies apart, has ever truly learned two languages.

I agree that if the study of languages were only the study of words—that is to say, of figures or the sounds which express them—it could be suitable for children. But in changing the signs, languages also modify the ideas which these signs represent. Minds are formed by languages; the thoughts take on the color of the idioms. Only reason is common; in each lanuage the mind has its particular form. This is a difference which might very well be a part of the cause or of the effect of national characters; and what appears to confirm this conjecture is that in all the nations of the world language follows the vicissitudes of morals and is preserved or degenerates as they are.

Normal usage gives but one of all these various forms to the child, and it is the only one he keeps until the age of reason. To have two, he would have to know how to compare ideas, and how could he compare them when he is hardly in a condition to conceive them? Each thing can have for him a thousand different signs. But each idea can have only one form. He can, therefore, learn to speak only one language. I am told, however, that he learns several. I deny it. I have seen these little prodigies who believed that they spoke five or six languages. I have heard them speak German in Latin terms, in French terms, in Italian terms successively. They did in truth make use of five or six lexicons. But they always spoke only German. In a word: give children as many synonyms as you please; you will change the words, not the language. They will never know any but one.

It is to hide this ineptitude of theirs that they are by preference trained in the dead languages, of which there are no more judges to whom one can have recourse. The familiar usage of these languages having long been lost, one is satisfied with imitating what is found written in books. And that is what is called speaking them. If such is the masters' Greek and Latin, you can judge the children's! Hardly have they learned by heart the rudiments, of which they understand absolutely nothing, when they are first taught to render a French discourse in Latin words; then, when they are more advanced, to stitch together in prose some phrases of Cicero and in verse some morsels of Virgil. Then they believe that they speak Latin. Who will come and contradict them?

In any study whatsoever, unless one has the ideas of the things represented, the representative signs are nothing. However, one always limits the child to these signs without ever being able to make him understand any of the things which they represent. Thinking he is being taught a description of the earth, he learns only to know some maps. He is taught the names of cities, of countries, of rivers which he does not conceive as existing anywhere else but on the paper where he is showed them. I remember having seen somewhere a geography text which began thus: "What is the world? It is a cardboard globe." Such precisely is the geography of children. I set down as a fact that after

two years of globe and cosmography there is not a single child of ten who, following the rules he has been given, knows how to get from Paris to Saint-Denis. I set down as a fact that there is not one who, on the basis of a map of his father's garden, is able to follow its winding paths without getting lost. These are the doctors who know on the spur of the moment where Peking, Ispahan, Mexico, and all the countries of the earth are.

I hear it said that it is suitable to busy children with studies requiring only their eyes. That might be, if there were some study in which only eyes were required. But I know of none such.

By an error even more ridiculous they are made to study history. One imagines that history is within their reach because it is only a collection of facts. But what is meant by this word *facts*? Can anyone believe that the relations which determine historical facts are so easy to grasp that ideas are effortlessly formed from the facts in children's minds? Can anyone believe that the true knowledge of events is separable from that of their causes or of their effects and that the historical is so little connected with the moral that one can be known without the other? If you see in men's actions only the exterior and purely physical movements, what do you learn from history? Absolutely nothing. And this study, devoid of all interest, gives you no more pleasure than it does instruction. If you want your pupils to appreciate such actions in their moral relations, try to make them understand these relations, and you will see then whether history is a proper study at their age.

Readers, always remember that he who speaks to you is neither a scholar nor a philosopher, but a simple man, a friend of the truth, without party, without system; a solitary who, living little among men, has less occasion to contract their prejudices and more time to reflect on what strikes him when he has commerce with them. My reasonings are founded less on principles than on facts; and I believe that I cannot better put you in a position to judge of them than often to report to you some example of the observations which suggested them to me.

I had gone to spend a few days in the country at the home of a good mother of a family who took great care of her children and their education. One morning when I was present at the lessons of the eldest, his governor, who had instructed him very well in ancient history, was reviewing the history of Alexander. He took up the famous story about Philip, the physician, which has been a subject of painting, and which was surely well worth the effort.[32] The governor, a man of merit, made several reflections on Alexander's intrepidity, which did not please me at all, but which I avoided disputing so as not to discredit him in his pupil's mind. At table they did not fail, according to the French method, to make the little gentleman babble a great deal. The vivacity natural to his age, along with the expectation of certain applause, made him reel off countless stupidities, in the midst of which from time to time there came a few lucky words which caused the rest to be forgotten. Finally came the story of Philip, the physician. He told it quite clearly and with much grace. After the ordinary tribute of praises exacted by the mother and expected by the son, there was discussion about what he

had said. The greater number blamed the temerity of Alexander; some, after the governor's example, admired his firmness and his courage—which made me understand that none of those present saw wherein lay the true beauty of this story. "As for me," I said to them, "it seems that if there is the least courage, the least firmness, in Alexander's action, it is foolhardy." [33] Then everyone joined in and agreed that it was foolhardy. I was going to respond and was getting heated when a woman sitting beside me, who had not opened her mouth, leaned toward my ear and said softly to me, "Keep quiet, Jean-Jacques, they won't understand you." I looked at her; I was struck; and I kept quiet.

After the dinner, suspecting, on the basis of several bits of evidence, that my young doctor had understood nothing at all of the story he had told so well, I took him by the hand and went for a turn in the park with him. Having questioned him at my ease, I found that more than anyone he admired Alexander's much-vaunted courage. But do you know in what he found this courage to consist? Solely in having swallowed at a single gulp a bad-tasting potion, without hesitation, without the least sign of repugnance. The poor child, who had been made to take medicine not two weeks before, and who had taken it only after a mighty effort, still had its aftertaste in his mouth. Death and poisoning stood in his mind only for disagreeable sensations; and he did not conceive, for his part, of any other poison than senna. Nevertheless, it must admitted that the hero's firmness had made a great impression on the boy's young heart, and that, at the next medicine he would have to swallow, he had resolved to be an Alexander. Without going into clarifications which were evidently out of his reach, I confirmed him in these laudable dispositions; and I went back laughing to myself at the lofty wisdom of fathers and masters who think they teach history to children.

It is easy to put into their mouths the words *kings, empires, wars, conquests, revolutions, laws.* But if it is a question of attaching distinct ideas to these words, there is a long way from the conversation with Robert the gardener to all these explanations.

Some readers, discontented with the "Keep quiet, Jean-Jacques," will, I foresee, ask what, after all, do I find so fair in Alexander's action? Unfortunate people! If you have to be told, how will you understand it? It is that Alexander believed in virtue; it is that he staked his head, his own life on that belief; it is that his great soul was made for believing in it. Oh, what a fair profession of faith was the swallowing of that medicine! No, never did a mortal make so sublime a one. If there is some modern Alexander, let him be showed to me by like deeds.

If there is no science of words, there is no study proper for children. If they have no true ideas, they have no true memory, for I do not call by that name the mere retention of sensations. What is the use of inscribing in their heads a catalogue of signs which represent nothing for them? In learning the things, will they not learn the signs? Why put them to the useless effort of learning the signs twice? And, meanwhile, what dangerous prejudices does one not begin to inspire in them by making them take for science words which have no sense for them? It is with the first word the child uses in order to show off, it is with

the first thing he takes on another's word without seeing its utility himself, that his judgment is lost. He will have to shine in the eyes of fools for a long time in order to make up for such a loss.*

No, if nature gives the child's brain the suppleness that fits it to receive all sorts of impressions, it is not in order to engrave on this brain the names of kings, dates, terms of heraldry, globes and geography, and all those words without any sense for the child's age, and devoid of utility for any age whatsoever, with which his sad and sterile childhood is burdened. Rather, the suppleness is there in order that all the ideas which he can conceive and are useful to him—all those which are related to his happiness and are one day going to enlighten him about his duties—may be impressed on his brain with an indelible stamp at an early age and help him during his life to behave in a way suitable to his being and his faculties.

The kind of memory a child can have does not, without his studying books, for this reason remain idle. Everything he sees, everything he hears strikes him, and he remembers it. He keeps in himself a record of the actions and the speeches of men, and all that surrounds him is the book in which, without thinking about it, he continually enriches his memory while waiting for his judgment to be able to profit from it. It is in the choice of these objects, it is in the care with which one constantly presents him the objects he can know, and hides from him those he ought not to know, that the true art of cultivating in him this first faculty consists; and it is in this way that one must try to form in him a storehouse of knowledge which serves his education during his youth and his conduct at all times. This method, it is true, does not form little prodigies and does not make governors and preceptors shine. But it forms men who are judicious, robust, healthy of body and understanding, men who, without having made themselves admired when young, make themselves honored when grown.

Emile will never learn anything by heart, not even fables, not even those of La Fontaine,[34] as naïve, as charming as they are, for the words of fables are no more fables than the words of history are history. How can people be so blinded as to call fables the morality of children? They do not think about how the apologue,[35] in giving enjoyment to children, deceives them; about how, seduced by the lie, they let the truth escape; and about how what is done to make the instruction agreeable to them prevents them from profiting from it. Fables can instruct men, but the naked truth has to be told to children. When one

* Most learned men are learned in the way of children. Vast erudition results less from a multitude of ideas than from a multitude of images. Dates, proper names, places, all objects isolated or devoid of ideas are retained solely by memory of signs; and rarely does one recall some one of these things without at the same time seeing the page on the right- or the left-hand side where it was read or the form in which it was seen for the first time. Pretty nearly such was the science fashionable in the last ages. That of our age is something else. One no longer studies, one no longer observes, one dreams; and we are gravely presented with the dreams of some bad nights as philosophy. I will be told that I, too, dream. I agree; but I give my dreams as dreams, which others are not careful to do, leaving it to the reader to find out whether they contain something useful for people who are awake.

starts covering the truth with a veil, they no longer make the effort to lift it.[36]

All children are made to learn the fables of La Fontaine; and there is not a single one who understands them. If they were to understand them, that would be still worse, for the moral in them is so mixed and so disproportionate [37] to their age that it would lead them more to vice than to virtue. These again, you will say, are paradoxes. So be it; but let us see whether they are truths.

I say that a child does not understand the fables he is made to learn, because, no matter what effort is made to simplify them, the instruction that one wants to draw from them compels the introduction of ideas he cannot grasp; and because poetry's very skill at making them easier for him to retain makes them difficult for him to conceive, so that one buys delight at the expense of clarity. Without citing that multitude of fables which contain nothing intelligible or useful for children and which they are made to learn along with the others indiscriminately because they are found mixed in with them, let us limit ourselves to those the author seems to have made especially for children.

I know in the whole collection of La Fontaine only five or six fables in which childish naïveté genuinely predominates. Of these five or six I take for example the very first because it is the one whose moral is most fitting to all ages, the one children grasp best, the one they learn with the most pleasure, finally the one that for this very reason the author chose to put at the head of his book.[38] Supposing that his object were to be really understood by children, to please and instruct them, this fable is assuredly his masterpiece. Permit me then to follow it through and examine it in a few words.

The Crow and the Fox

FABLE

Master Crow, on a tree perched,

Master! What does this word signify in itself? What does it signify in front of a proper name? What meaning has it on this occasion? [39]

What is a crow?

What is *a tree perched*? One does not say: "on a tree perched"; one says: "perched on a tree." Consequently one has to talk about poetic inversions; one has to tell what prose and verse are.

Held in his beak a cheese.

What cheese? Was it a Swiss cheese. a Brie, or a Dutch? If the child has not seen crows, what do you gain by speaking to him about them? If he has seen them, how will he conceive of their holding a cheese in their beak? Let us always make images according to nature.

Master Fox by the odor atticed

Another master! But to this one the title really belongs: he is a past-master in the tricks of his trade. One has to say what a fox is and

distinguish its true nature from the conventional character it has in fables.

Atticed. This word is not current. One has to explain it; one has to say that it is not used anymore except in verse. The child will ask why one speaks differently in verse than in prose. What will you respond to him?

"Atticed by the odor of a cheese!" This cheese held by a crow perched on a tree must have quite an odor to be smelled by the fox in a copse or in his hole! Is this the way you give your pupil practice in that spirit of judicious criticism which does not allow itself to be impressed except by real likelihoods and knows how to discern truth from lie in others' narrations?

Made to him a speech of this kind.

A speech! Foxes speak, then? They speak, then, the same language as crows? Wise preceptor, be careful. Weigh your response well before making it. It is more important than you think.

Well, good day, Monsieur Crow!

Monsieur! A title that the child sees used derisively even before he knows that it is a title of honor.[40] Those who say "Monsieur du Crow" will have a lot of explaining to do before they explain that *du*.[41]

How charming you are! [42] *How handsome you seem to me!*

Padding, useless redundancy. The child, seeing the same things repeated in other terms, learns slovenly speech. If you say that the redundancy is part of the author's art and belongs to the plan of the fox who wants to appear to multiply the praises with the words, this excuse will be good for me but not for my pupil.

Without lying, if your song

Without lying! One lies sometimes, then? Where will the child be if you teach him that the fox says "without lying" only because he is lying?

Corresponds to your plumage,

Corresponds! What does this word signify? Teach the child to compare qualities so different as voice and plumage. You will see how he will understand you!

You would be the Phoenix of the landlords of these woods.

The Phoenix! What is a phoenix? Here we are cast suddenly into antiquity's lies, almost into mythology.

The landlords of these woods! What figurative speech! The flatterer ennobles his language and gives it more dignity to make it more seductive. Will a child understand this finesse? Does he so much as know, can he know, what is a noble style and a low style?

At these words the Crow cannot contain his joy.

One must have already experienced very lively passions to have a feeling for this proverbial expression.

And to show his fine voice

Do not forget that to understand this verse and the whole fable, the child ought to know what the crow's fine voice is.

He opens his big beak, lets fall his prey.

This verse is admirable. The harmony alone produces an image. I see a big ugly beak opened; I hear the cheese falling through the branches. But this sort of beauty is lost on children.

The Fox grabs it and says: My good monsieur,

Here, then, goodness is already transformed into stupidity. Assuredly, no time is lost in instructing children.

Learn that every flatterer

General maxim. We can no longer follow.

Lives at the expense of the one who listens to him.

Never did a ten-year-old child understand that verse.

This lesson is doubtless worth a cheese.

This is understandable, and the thought is very good. However, there will still be very few children who know how to compare a lesson with a cheese and who would not prefer the cheese to the lesson. One must, therefore, make them understand that this remark is only mockery. What finesse for children!

The Crow, ashamed and embarrassed,

Another pleonasm; but this one is inexcusable.

Swore, but a little late, that he would not be caught that way again.

Swore! Who is the fool of a master who dares to explain to the child what an oath is?

A lot of detail. A lot less, however, than would be required to analyze all the ideas of this fable and to reduce them to the simple and elementary ideas from which each of them is composed. But who believes he needs this analysis to make himself understood by youth? None of us is philosophic enough to know how to put himself in a child's place. Let us now pass on to the moral.

I ask whether it is necessary to teach six-year-old children that there are men who flatter and lie for profit? One could at most teach them that there are mockers who ridicule little boys and in secret make fun of their stupid vanity. But the cheese spoils everything. They are taught less not to let it fall from their beaks than to make it fall from the beak of another. This is my second paradox; and it is not the least important.

Follow children learning their fables; and you will see that when they are in a position to apply them, they almost always do so in a way opposite to the author's intention, and that instead of looking within themselves for the shortcoming that one wants to cure or prevent, they tend to like the vice with which one takes advantage of others' shortcomings. In the preceding fable children make fun of the crow, but they all take a fancy to the fox. In the fable which follows, you believe you are giving them the cicada as an example, and it is not at all so.[43] It is the ant they will choose. One does not like being humiliated. They will always take the advantageous role. It is the choice of *amour-propre*; it is a very natural choice. Now what a horrible lesson for childhood! The most odious of all monsters would be an avaricious and hard child who knew what was asked of him and refused. The ant does yet more; it teaches him to mix mockery with his refusal.

In all the fables where the lion is one of the personages, since he is ordinarily the most brilliant, the child does not fail to make himself a lion; and when he presides over some dividing up of portions, well instructed by his model, he takes great care to take everything for himself. But when the gnat fells the lion, the situation is entirely different;

the child is then no longer a lion; he is a gnat. He learns how one day to kill with stings those he would not dare to stand and attack.[44]

In the fable of the lean wolf and the fat dog, instead of a lesson in moderation, which is what it is claimed the child is being given, he gets one in license.[45] I shall never forget having seen a little girl weeping bitterly, upset by this fable which was supposedly preaching docility to her. It was difficult to get at the cause of her tears. Finally we found out. The poor child was irritated by being chained. She felt her neck rubbed raw. She was crying at not being a wolf.

Thus, the moral of the first fable cited is for the child a lesson in the basest flattery; of the second, a lesson in inhumanity; of the third, a lesson in injustice; of the fourth, a lesson in satire; of the fifth, a lesson in independence. This last lesson, superfluous as it is for my pupil, is no more suitable for yours. When you give him contradictory precepts, what fruit do you hope for from your efforts? But, perhaps, with this exception, this whole morality which serves me as an objection to fables provides as many reasons for preserving them. In society there is needed one morality in words and one in action, and these two moralities do not resemble each other. The first is in the cathechism, where it is left. The other is in La Fontaine's fables for children and in his tales for mothers. The same author suffices for everything.[46]

Let us come to terms, Monsieur de La Fontaine. I promise, for my part, to read you discriminately, to like you, to instruct myself in your fables, for I hope not to be deceived about their object. But, as for my pupil, permit me not to let him study a single one of them until you have proved to me that it is good for him to learn things a quarter of which he will not understand; that in those he will be able to understand, he will never be led astray; and that he will not, instead of improving himself on the dupe's example, form himself after the rascal's example.

In thus taking away all duties from children, I take away the instruments of their greatest misery—that is, books. Reading is the plague of childhood and almost the only occupation we know how to give it. At twelve Emile will hardly know what a book is. But, it will be said, he certainly must at least know how to read. I agree. He must know how to read when reading is useful to him; up to then it is only good for boring him.

If one ought to demand nothing of children through obedience, it follows that they can learn nothing of which they do not feel the real and present advantage in either pleasure or utility. Otherwise, what motive would bring them to learn it? The art of speaking to and hearing from absent people, the art of communicating our feelings, our wills, our desires to them at a distance without a mediator is an art whose utility can be rendered palpable to all ages. What wonderful means were used to turn so useful and so agreeable an art into a torment for childhood? Because the young are constrained to apply themselves to it in spite of themselves, it is put to uses of which they understand nothing. A child is not very eager to perfect the instrument with which he is tormented. But arrange things so that this instrument serves his pleasures, and soon he will apply himself to it in spite of you.

A great business is made of seeking the best methods of teaching reading. Desks and cards are invented; a child's room is made into a printing shop. Locke wants him to learn to read with dice.[47] Now is that not a clever invention? What a pity! A means surer than all these, and the one always forgotten, is the desire to learn. Give the child this desire; then let your desks and your dice go. Any method will be good for him.

Present interest—that is the great mover, the only one which leads surely and far. Sometimes Emile receives from his father, from his mother, from his relatives, from his friends, notes of invitation for a dinner, for a walk, for an outing on the water, for watching some public festival. These notes are short, clear, distinct, well written. Someone has to be found who can read them to him. This someone either is not always to be found on the spur of the moment or is paying the child back for his unwillingness to oblige him the day before. Thus the occasion, the moment, is missed. Finally the note is read to him, but it is too late. Oh, if he had known how to read himself! Other notes are received. They are so short! Their subject is so interesting! He would like to try to decipher them. Sometimes he is given help, and sometimes he is refused it. Finally he deciphers half of a note. It has to do with going tomorrow to eat custard . . . he does not know where or with whom . . . how many efforts he makes to read the rest! I do not believe Emile will need the desk. Shall I speak now of writing? No. I am ashamed of playing with this kind of foolishness in an educational treatise.

I shall add this one word which constitutes an important maxim: it is that usually one gets very surely and quickly what one is not in a hurry to get. I am almost certain that Emile will know how to read and write perfectly before the age of ten, precisely because it makes very little difference to me that he knows how before fifteen. But I would rather that he never knew how to read if this science has to be bought at the price of all that can make it useful. Of what use will reading be to him if it has been made repulsive to him forever? *Id in primus cavere opportebit, ne studia, qui amare nondum poterit, oderit, et amaritudinem semel perceptam etiam ultra rudes annos reformidet.**

The more I insist on my inactive method, the stronger I see your objections grow. If your pupil learns nothing from you, he will learn from others. If you do not forestall error by means of truth, he will learn lies. The prejudices you are afraid of giving him, he will receive from everything around him. They will enter by all his senses: either they will corrupt his reason even before it is formed, or his mind, stupefied by long inactivity, will be engrossed in matter. The lack of the habit of thinking in childhood takes away the faculty for the rest of life.

It seems to me that I could easily answer that. But why always answers? If my method by itself answers objections, it is good. If it does not answer them, it is worthless. I shall proceed.

If, according to the plan I have begun to outline, you follow rules directly contrary to the established ones; if instead of taking your pupil's mind far away; if instead of constantly leading it astray in other

* Quintilian *Institutio Oratorio* I:20.[48]

places, other climates, other times, at the extremities of the earth and up to the heavens, you apply yourself to keeping him always within himself and attentive to what touches him immediately, then you will find him capable of perception, memory, and even reasoning. This is nature's order. To the extent the sensitive being becomes active, he acquires a discernment proportionate to his strengths; and it is only with a surplus of strength beyond what he needs to preserve himself that there develops in him the speculative faculty fit to employ this excess of strength for other uses. Do you, then, want to cultivate your pupil's intelligence? Cultivate the strengths it ought to govern. Exercise his body continually; make him robust and healthy in order to make him wise and reasonable. Let him work, be active, run, yell, always be in motion. Let him be a man in his vigor, and soon he will be one in his reason.

You will make him sodden, it is true, by this method if you go about always giving him directions, always telling him, "Go, come, stay, do this, don't do that." If your head always controls his arms, his head becomes useless to him. But remember our conventions. If you are only a pedant, it is not worth the effort to read me.

It is a most pitiable error to imagine that the exercise of the body is harmful to the operations of the mind, as if these two activities ought not to move together in harmony and that the one ought not always to direct the other!

There are two sorts of men whose bodies are in constant activity, and who both surely think equally little of cultivating their souls—that is, peasants and savages. The former are crude, heavy, maladroit; the latter, known for their good sense, are also known for their subtlety of mind. To put it generally, nothing is duller than a peasant and nothing sharper than a savage. What is the source of this difference? It is that the former, doing always what he is ordered or what he saw his father do or what he has himself done since his youth, works only by routine; and in his life, almost an automaton's, constantly busy with the same labors, habit and obedience take the place of reason for him.

For the savage it is another story. Attached to no place, without prescribed task, obeying no one, with no other law than his will, he is forced to reason in each action of his life. He does not make a movement, not a step, without having beforehand envisaged the consequences. Thus, the more his body is exercised, the more his mind is enlightened; his strength and his reason grow together, and one is extended by the other.

Learned preceptor, let us see which of our two pupils resembles the savage and which resembles the peasant. Submitted in everything to an authority which is always teaching, yours does nothing unless given the word. He dares not eat when he is hungry, nor laugh when he is gay, nor cry when he is sad, nor put out one hand instead of the other, nor move his foot except as has been prescribed to him. Soon he will dare to breathe only according to your rules. About what do you want him to think when you think about everything for him? Assured of your foresight, what need has he of any? Seeing that you take the responsibility for his preservation, for his well-being, he feels delivered

from this care. His judgment rests on yours. Everything you do not forbid him, he does without reflection, knowing well that he does it without risk. What need does he have to foresee rain? He knows that you look at the sky for him. What need has he to organize his walk? He has no fear that you would let the dinner hour pass. So long as you do not forbid him to eat, he eats. When you forbid him, he eats no more. He no longer listens to the opinions of his stomach but yours. You may very well soften his body by inactivity, you do not for that make his understanding more flexible. All to the contrary, you complete the work of discrediting reason in his mind by making him use the little he possesses on the things which appear to him the most useless. Never seeing what it is good for, he finally makes the judgment that it is good for nothing. The worst that can happen to him from reasoning badly is to be admonished; and that happens to him so often that he hardly thinks about it; a danger so common no longer frightens him.

You find, however, that he is clever, and so he is when it comes to babbling with women in the manner about which I have already spoken. But when it comes to a case of personal risk, to his taking a position in some difficult situation, you will find him to be a hundred times stupider and more foolish than the son of the biggest yokel.

As for my pupil, or rather nature's, trained early to be as self-sufficient as possible, he is not accustomed to turning constantly to others; still less is he accustomed to displaying his great learning for them. On the other hand, he judges, he foresees, he reasons in everything immediately related to him. He does not chatter; he acts. He does not know a word of what is going on in society, but he knows very well how to do what suits him. Since he is constantly in motion, he is forced to observe many things, to know many effects. He acquires a large experience early. He gets his lessons from nature and not from men. He instructs himself so much the better because he sees nowhere the intention to instruct him. Thus his body and his mind are exercised together. Acting always according to his own thought and not someone else's, he continually unites two operations: the more he makes himself strong and robust, the more he becomes sensible and judicious. This is the way one day to have what are believed incompatible and what are united in almost all great men: strength of body and strength of soul; a wise man's reason and an athlete's vigor.

Young teacher, I am preaching a difficult art to you, that of governing without precepts and doing everything by doing nothing. This art, I agree, is not one that goes with your age; it is not fit to make your talents conspicuous from the outset nor to make an impression on fathers. But it is the only one fit for succeeding. You will never get to the point of producing wise men if you do not in the first place produce rascals. This was the education of the Spartans: instead of being glued to books, they began by being taught how to steal their dinner. Were the Spartans as a result crude when grown? Who does not know the force and saltiness of their rejoinders? Always made to conquer, they crushed their enemies in every kind of war; and the Athenian babblers feared their words as much as their blows.

In the most careful educations the master commands and believes he

governs. It is actually the child who governs. He uses what you exact from him to obtain from you what pleases him; and he always knows how to make you pay a week of obligingness for an hour of assiduity. At every instant pacts must be made with him. These treaties, which you propose in your fashion and he executes in his, always turn to the profit of his whims, especially when you are so clumsy as to promise him something as your part of the bargain which he is quite sure of getting whether or not he fulfills his part. The child usually reads the master's mind much better than the master reads the child's heart. And that is the way it should be; for all the sagacity the child would have used to provide for the preservation of his person had he been left to himself he uses to save his natural freedom from his tyrant's chains. On the other hand, the latter, having no interest so pressing for seeing through the child, sometimes finds it to his own advantage to let the child have his laziness or vanity.

Take an opposite route with your pupil. Let him always believe he is the master, and let it always be you who are. There is no subjection so perfect as that which keeps the appearance of freedom. Thus the will itself is made captive. The poor child who knows nothing, who can do nothing, who has no learning, is he not at your mercy? Do you not dispose, with respect to him, of everything which surrounds him? Are you not the master of affecting him as you please? Are not his labors, his games, his pleasures, his pains, all in your hands without his knowing it? Doubtless he ought to do only what he wants; but he ought to want only what you want him to do. He ought not to make a step without your having foreseen it; he ought not to open his mouth without your knowing what he is going to say.

It is then that he will be able to give himself over to the exercises of the body that his age demands of him without stultifying his mind. It is then that instead of sharpening his ruses for eluding your uncomfortable grip, you will see him busy himself only with taking the greatest possible advantage of everything around him for his real well-being. It is then that you will be surprised by the subtlety of his inventions for appropriating all objects he can attain and for truly enjoying things without the help of opinion.

In leaving him thus master of his will, you will not be fomenting his caprices. By never doing anything except what suits him, he will soon do only what he ought to do; and although his body is in continuous motion, so long as he is concerned only with his immediate and palpable interest, you will witness developing all the reason of which he is capable much better and in a way much more appropriate to him than it would in purely speculative studies.

Thus, not seeing you eager to oppose him, not distrusting you, with nothing to hide from you, he will not deceive you, he will not lie to you, he will fearlessly show himself precisely as he is. You will be able to study him at your complete ease and arrange all around him the lessons you want to give him without his ever thinking he is receiving any.

He will also not be spying on your morals with a curiosity motivated by jealousy and will not find a secret pleasure in catching you misbehaving. This disadvantage which we are forestalling is a very great

one. One of children's first efforts, as I have said, is to discover the weakness of those who govern them. This inclination leads to wickedness but does not come from it. It comes from the need to elude an authority which importunes them. Overburdened by the yoke inposed on them, they seek to shake it off, and the shortcomings they find in the masters furnish them with good means for that. However, the habit of scrutinizing people for their shortcomings and getting pleasure at finding them grows on children. Here clearly is yet another source of vice stopped up in Emile's heart. With no interest in finding shortcomings in me, he will not look for them and will be little tempted to look for them in others.

All these practices seem difficult because one does not really consider them, but at bottom they ought not to be. I have a right to assume that you possess the enlightenment necessary for exercising the vocation you have chosen; I have to assume that you know the natural development of the human heart, that you know how to study man and the individual, that you know beforehand what will bend your pupil's will when he confronts all the objects of interest to his age that you will cause to pass before his eyes. Now, to have the instruments and to know their use well, is that not to be the master of an operation?

You raise as an objection children's caprices, and you are wrong. The capriciousness of children is never the work of nature but is the work of bad discipline. It is that they have either obeyed or commanded, and I have said a hundred times that they must do neither. Your pupil will, therefore, have only the caprices you have given him. It is only just that you pay the penalty for your mistakes. But, you will say, how can this be remedied? It is still possible with better conduct and much patience.

For a few weeks I took care of a child accustomed not only to do his will but to make everyone else do it as well—consequently a child full of whims.[49] Right on the first day, to try out my obligingness, he wanted to get up at midnight. When I was sleeping most soundly, he jumped down from his bed, took his robe, and called me. I got up, lit the candle. He wanted nothing more. Within a quarter of an hour sleep overcame him, and he went back to bed satisfied with his test. Two days later he repeated it with the same success and without the least sign of impatience on my part. As he kissed me on going back to bed, I said to him in a deliberate tone, "My little friend, this is all very well, but do not try it again." This phrase aroused his curiosity, and the very next day, wanting to get a glimpse of how I would dare to disobey him, he did not fail to get up again at the same time and call me. I asked him what he wanted. He told me he could not sleep. "Too bad," I replied, and kept quiet. He asked me to light the candle. "What for?" and I kept quiet. This laconic tone began to distress him. He started feeling about, looking for the steel, which he made a show of striking; and I could not keep from laughing, hearing him give himself blows on the fingers. Finally, quite convinced he would not succeed at it, he brought me the lighter to my bed. I told him I had no need of it and turned on my other side. Then he started running giddily around the room, yelling, singing, making a lot of noise, purposely bumping into the table and

chairs, which he took care not to do too hard while letting out great cries, hoping to worry me. None of this worked; and I saw that, counting on high exhortations or anger, he had in no way prepared himself for this coolness.

However, resolved to overcome my patience by dint of his obstinacy, he continued his racket with such success that in the end I began to flare up; and, sensing that I was going to ruin everything by an inopportune loss of temper, I decided on another course. I got up without saying a thing and went to the steel, which I could not find. I asked him for it. He gave it to me bubbling over with joy at having at last triumphed over me. I struck the steel, lit the candle, took my little gentleman by the hand, led him calmly into a nearby little room, the shutters of which were tightly closed and where there was nothing to break. I left him there without light; then, locking the door with the key, I went back to bed without having said a single word to him. You need not ask if at first there was an uproar. I was expecting it and was not moved by it. Finally the noise abated. I listened, heard him settling down. I put my mind at rest. The next day in the morning I went into the little room and found my tiny rebel lying on a couch sleeping a profound sleep, which, after so much fatigue, he must have badly needed.

The affair did not end there. His mother learned that the child had spent two-thirds of the night out of his bed. Immediately all was lost; he was a child as good as dead. Seeing that the occasion was good for getting his revenge, he played sick without foreseeing he would gain nothing from it. The doctor was called. Unhappily for the mother, this doctor was a jester and, to enjoy her terrors, made an effort to increase them. Meanwhile he whispered in my ear, "Leave it to me. I promise you that the child will be cured for some time of the whim of being sick." Indeed, diet and bed were prescribed, and the child was turned over to the apothecary. I sighed at seeing this poor mother thus the dupe of all that surrounded her, with the single exception of me, for whom she conceived hatred, precisely because I did not deceive her.

After rather harsh reproaches she told me that her son was delicate, that he was his family's sole heir, that he must be preserved at whatever cost, and that she did not want him provoked. In that I quite agreed with her. But what she understood by provoking him was not obeying him in everything. I saw that the same tone had to be taken with the mother as with the child. "Madame," I said to her rather coldly, "I do not know how one raises an heir, and, what is more, I do not want to learn how. You can take care of that for yourself." I was still needed for a time; the father quieted it all down; the mother wrote the preceptor to hasten his return; and the child, seeing he got nothing out of disturbing my sleep or in being sick, finally made the decision to sleep himself and to be in good health.

It cannot be imagined to how many similar caprices the little tyrant had subjected his unlucky governor, for the education was conducted under the eyes of the mother who did not tolerate the heir's being disobeyed in anything. At whatever hour he wanted to go out, one had to be ready to lead or, rather, follow him, and he was always very careful to choose the moment when he saw that his governor was busiest.

He wanted to hold the same sway over me and get revenge during the day for the rest he was forced to leave me at night. I lent myself good-heartedly to everything; and I began by establishing in his eyes the pleasure I took in obliging him. After that when the issue was to cure him of his whim, I went about it in a different way.

He had in the first place to be put in the wrong, and that was not difficult. Knowing that children think only of the present, I took the easy advantage of foresight over him. I took care of providing for him at home a game which I knew to be very much to his taste; and at the moment when I saw him most infatuated with it, I went and proposed a walk to him. He turned me down flat. I persisted. He did not listen to me. I had to give up. He took careful note in himself of this sign of subjection.

The day after, it was my turn. He was bored. I had arranged for that. I, on the contrary, appeared profoundly busy. He needed nothing more to decide him. He did not fail to come to tear me away from my work to take him for a walk immediately. I refused; he insisted. "No," I said to him, "in doing your will, you have taught me to do mine. I do not want to go out." "Very well," he responded hotly, "I shall go out all alone." "As you wish," and I returned to my work.

He got dressed, a bit uneasy at seeing me let him go ahead and not following his example. Ready to go out, he came to bid me farewell. I bade him farewell. He tried to alarm me with the account of the trips he was going to make. To hear him one would have thought he was going to the end of the world. Without any disturbance on my part, I wished him bon voyage. His embarrassment was redoubled. However, he put a good face on it; and ready to go out, he told his lackey to follow him. The lackey, already forewarned, answered that he did not have the time, and, busy at my orders, he had to obey me rather than him. Now at this the child was upset. How could it be conceived that he be allowed to go out alone, he who believed himself the being most important to everyone else, and who thought that sky and earth took an interest in his preservation? Meanwhile he began to feel his weakness. He understood that he was going to be alone among people who did not know him. He saw beforehand the risks he was going to run. Obstinacy alone still sustained him. He went down the stairs slowly and very ill at ease. He finally stepped out on the street, consoling himself somewhat for the harm that could happen to him by the hope that I would be made responsible for it.

This was just what I was waiting for. Everything was prepared in advance; and since a kind of public scene was involved, I had provided myself with the father's consent. Hardly had the child taken a few steps before he heard, right and left, remarks about him. "Neighbor, look at the pretty monsieur! Where is he going all alone? He is going to get lost. I want to ask him to come in our house." "Don't you dare, neighbor. Don't you see that this is a little libertine who has been driven out of his father's house because he did not want to be good for anything? Sanctuary must not be given libertines. Let him go where he will." "Too bad. Let God guide him. I would be sorry if misfortune were to come to him." A bit farther on he met up with some rascals of about

his age who provoked him and jeered at him. The farther he went, the more confused he became. Alone and without protection, he saw himself everybody's plaything; and he experienced with much surprise that his epaulettes and gold trim did not make him more respected.

Meanwhile one of my friends, whom he did not know and to whom I had given the responsibility of watching over him, was following him step by step without his noticing it, and accosted him when the time was right. This role, which resembled Sbrigani's in *Pourceaugnac*,[50] called for a man of ready wit and was perfectly filled. Without making the child timid and fearful by striking too great a terror in him, he made him so well aware of the imprudence of his escapade that at the end of half an hour he brought him back to me, tractable, embarrassed, and not daring to lift his eyes.

To complete the disaster of his expedition, precisely at the moment that he came home, his father was coming down to go out, and met him on the stairs. The child had to say where he was coming from and why I was not with him.* The poor child would have wanted to be a hundred feet under the earth. Without wasting his time in giving him a long reprimand, the father said to him more curtly than I would have expected, "If you want to go out alone, you are the master. But since I do not want to have a bandit in my home, if it does happen that you do so, take care not to come back anymore."

As for me, I received him without reproach and without ridicule, but with a bit of gravity; and lest he suspect that all that had taken place was only a game, I did not want to take him for a walk the same day. The next day I saw with great pleasure that in my company he passed with a triumphant bearing before the same people who had jeered at him the day before because he was all alone when they met him. It can be well conceived that he did not threaten me anymore with going out without me.

It is by these means and others like them that during the short time I was with the child I got to the point of being able to make him do everything I wanted without prescribing anything to him, without forbidding him anything, without sermons, without exhortations, without boring him with useless lessons. Thus, so long as I spoke, he was satisfied; but he was afraid of my silence. He understood that something was not going well, and the lesson always came to him from the thing itself. But let us return.

These constant exercises, left in this way to the direction of nature alone, in strengthening the body not only do not stultify the mind but, on the contrary, form the only kind of reason of which the first age is susceptible and which is the most necessary to any age whatsoever. They teach us to know well the use of our strength, the relations of our bodies to surrounding bodies, and the use of the natural instruments which are within our reach and are suitable for our organs. Is there any stupidity equal to that of a child always raised indoors and under his mother's eyes who, ignorant of what weight and resistance are,

* In such a case one can without risk demand the truth from a child, for he knows well then that he could not disguise it, and that, if he dared to tell a lie, he would be convicted of it on the spot.

wants to rip up a big tree or lift a boulder? The first time I went out of Geneva, I wanted to keep up with a galloping horse; I threw stones at Mount Salève which was two leagues away from me. Plaything of all the children of the village, I was a veritable idiot to them. At eighteen one learns in philosophy what a lever is. There is not a little peasant of twelve who does not know how to use a lever better than the Academy's premier expert in mechanics. The lessons pupils get from one another in the schoolyard are a hundred times more useful to them than everything they will ever be told in class.

Look at a cat entering a room for the first time. He inspects, he looks around, he sniffs, he does not relax for a moment, he trusts nothing before he has examined everything, come to know everything. This is just what is done by a child who is beginning to walk and entering, so to speak, in the room of the world. The whole difference is that, in addition to the vision which is common to both child and cat, the former has the hands that nature gave him to aid in observation, and the latter is endowed by nature with a subtle sense of smell. Whether this disposition is well or ill cultivated is what makes children adroit or clumsy, dull or alert, giddy or prudent.

Since man's first natural movements are, therefore, to measure himself against everything surrounding him and to experience in each object he perceives all the qualities which can be sensed and relate to him, his first study is a sort of experimental physics relative to his own preservation, from which he is diverted by speculative studies before he has recognized his place here on earth. While his delicate and flexible organs can adjust themselves to the bodies on which they must act, while his still pure senses are exempt from illusions, it is the time to exercise both in their proper functions, it is the time to teach the knowledge of the sensible relations which things have with us. Since everything which enters into the human understanding comes there through the senses, man's first reason is a reason of the senses; this sensual reason serves as the basis of intellectual reason. Our first masters of philosophy are our feet, our hands, our eyes. To substitute books for all that is not to teach us to reason. It is to teach us to use the reason of others. It is to teach us to believe much and never to know anything.

To exercise an art one must begin by procuring for oneself the instruments for it; and, to be able to employ these instruments usefully, one has to make them solid enough to resist wear. To learn to think. therefore, it is necessary to exercise our limbs, our senses, our organs, which are the instruments of our intelligence. And, to get the greatest possible advantage from these instruments, the body which provides them must be robust and healthy. Thus, far from man's true reason being formed independently of the body, it is the body's good constitution which makes the mind's operations easy and sure.

In showing how the long idleness of childhood ought to be employed, I go into the kind of detail which will appear ridiculous. "Funny lessons," I will be told, "which, open to your own criticism, are limited to teaching that which no one needs to learn! Why waste time on the instruction that always comes of itself and costs neither effort nor care.

What twelve-year-old child does not know all you want to teach yours, and, in addition, what his masters have taught him?"

Messieurs, you are mistaken. I am giving my pupil instruction in an art that is very long, very hard, one that your pupils surely do not possess; it is the art of being ignorant, for the science possessed by him who believes that he knows only what he does in fact know amounts to very little. You give science—splendid. I busy myself with the instrument fit for acquiring it. It is said that one day when the Venetians with great pomp showed their treasure of Saint Mark to a Spanish ambassador, he, as his only compliment, after looking under the tables, said to them, "Quì non c' è la radice." [51] I never see a preceptor displaying the learning of his disciple without being tempted to say as much to him.

All those who have reflected on the way of life of the ancients attribute to gymnastic exercises that vigor of body and soul which distinguishes them most palpably from the moderns. The way in which Montaigne supports this sentiment shows that he was powerfully impressed by it. He returns to it endlessly and in countless ways in speaking of a child's education. To stiffen his soul, he says, his muscles must be hardened; by becoming accustomed to work, he becomes accustomed to pain; one must break him to the harshness of exercise in order to train him in the harshness of dislocations, colics, and all illness. The wise Locke, the good Rollin, the learned Fleury, the pedant Crousaz—so different among themselves in everything else—all agree on this single point that there should be much exercise for children's bodies. It is the most judicious of their precepts; it is the one which is and always will be the most neglected. I have already spoken sufficiently of its importance, and since on this point one cannot give better reasons or more sensible rules than those to be found in Locke's book, I shall content myself with referring you to it after having taken the liberty of adding some observations to his.[52]

The limbs of a growing body ought all to have room in their garments. Nothing ought to hinder either their movement or their growth; nothing too tight; nothing which clings to the body; no belts. French dress, constraining and unhealthy for men, is particularly pernicious for children. The humors, stagnant, arrested in their circulation, grow rotten in a state of rest which is increased by the inactive and sedentary life, become corrupt, and cause scurvy, an illness every day more common among us and almost unknown to the ancients whose way of dressing and living preserved them from it. The hussar's costume,[53] far from remedying this difficulty, increases it and, in order to spare children braces, puts pressure on their whole body. The best thing to do is to leave them in smocks as long as possible, then to give them a very large garment and not make a point of showing off their figure, which serves only to deform it. Their defects of body and of mind come almost all from the same cause: one wants to make them men before it is time.

There are gay colors and sad colors. The former are more to children's taste. They are also more flattering to them; and I do not see why one would not consult such natural fitness in this. But from the

moment that children prefer a material because it is rich, their hearts are already abandoned to luxury, to all the whims of opinion; and this taste surely did not come to them from themselves. I cannot tell you how much the choice of clothing and the motives of this choice influence education. Not only do blind mothers promise their children adornment as a reward; one even sees foolish governors threatening their pupils with a coarser and simpler costume as a punishment. "If you do not study better, if you don't take better care of your things, you will be dressed like this little peasant." This is as if they were told, "Know that man is nothing except by his costume, that your worth is wholly in yours." Is it surprising that the young profit from such wise lessons, that they esteem only adornment, and that they judge merit by the exterior only?

If I had to straighten out the views of a child thus spoiled, I would take care that his richest costumes were his most uncomfortable, that he be always ill at ease, always constrained in them, always subjected by them in countless ways. I would make liberty and gaiety flee before his magnificence. If he wanted to join in the games of other children more simply outfitted, on the spot everything would stop, everything would disappear. Finally, I would so bore him, I would so satiate him with his splendor, I would render him so much the slave of his gold-trimmed costume that I would make it the plague of his life, make him see the darkest dungeon with less fright than the laying out of his adornment. So long as the child has not been made the servant of our prejudices, to be at his ease and free is always his first desire. The simplest garment, the most comfortable, the one which subjects him least, is always the most precious for him.

There is a habit of the body suitable to exercise and another more suitable to inaction. The latter, allowing the humors an even and uniform flow, ought to protect the body from changes in the air. The former, making the body constantly pass from agitation to rest and from heat to cold, ought to accustom it to those changes. It follows from this that stay-at-home and sedentary people ought to be warmly dressed at all times so as to keep the body at a uniform temperature, almost the same in all seasons and at all hours of the day. On the other hand, those who come and go, in the wind, in the sun, in the rain, who are very active and spend most of their time *sub dio*,[54] ought always to be lightly dressed so as to habituate themselves to all the vicissitudes of the air and all the degrees of temperature without being uncomfortable in them. I would counsel both not to change costume according to the seasons, and that will be the constant practice of my Emile. By this I do not mean that he will wear his winter clothes in the summer, as do sedentary people, but that he will wear his summer clothes in the winter, as do working people. This latter practice was that of Sir Isaac Newton during his whole life, and he lived eighty years.

Little or no headgear in any season. The ancient Egyptians were always bare-headed. The Persians covered their heads with large tiaras and still cover them with large turbans, the use of which, according to Chardin, the air of the country makes necessary. I have mentioned

elsewhere * the distinction that Herodotus made on a battlefield between the skulls of the Persians and those of the Egyptians. Since it is important, then, that the bones of the head become harder, more compact, less fragile, and less porous the better to arm the brain not only against wounds but also against colds, inflammations, and all the impressions of the air, accustom your children to remain always bareheaded summer and winter, day and night. If for the sake of cleanliness and to keep their hair in order you want to give them headgear during the night, let it be a cap thin enough to see through, similar to the netting with which the Basques cover their hair. I know well that most mothers, more struck by Chardin's observation than by my reasons, will believe they find everywhere the air of Persia; but I did not choose my pupil a European to make an Asian of him.[56]

In general, children are overdressed, especially during their early age. They should be hardened to cold rather than to heat. Very cold weather never indisposes them if one lets them be exposed to it early. But their skin tissue, still too tender and too slack, leaving too free a passage for perspiration, inevitably makes them prone to exhaustion in extreme heat. Thus, it is noted that more of them die in the month of August than in any other month. Moreover, it appears to be a constant, from the comparison of the northern peoples with the southern, that one is made more robust by enduring excessive cold than excessive heat. But as the child grows and his fibers are strengthened, accustom him little by little to brave the sun's rays. In going by degrees you will harden him without danger to the ardors of the torrid zone.

Locke, in the midst of the masculine and sensible precepts that he gives us, falls back into contradictions one would not expect from so exact a reasoner. The same man who wants children bathed in icy water in summer does not want them, when they are heated up, to have cool drinks or to lie down on the ground in damp places.* But since he wants children's shoes to take in water at all times, will they take it in less when the child is warm; and can one not make for him the same inductions about the body in relation to the feet that he makes about the feet in relation to the hands and about the body in relation to the face? "If you want man to be all face," I would say to him, "why do you blame me for wanting him to be all feet?" [57]

To prevent children from drinking when they are hot, he prescribes accustoming them to eat a piece of bread as a preliminary to drinking. It is quite strange that when a child is thirsty he has to be given something to eat. I would prefer to give him drink when he is hungry. Never will I be persuaded that our first appetites are so unruly that they cannot be satisfied without exposing ourselves to destruction. If that were so, mankind would have been destroyed a hundred times before men learned what must be done to preserve it.

* *Lettre à M. d'Alembert sur les spectacles*, first edition p. 189.[55]

† As if little peasants chose very dry earth to sit or lie on, and as if it had ever been heard said that the earth's dampness had done any harm to one of them? To hear the physicians on this point, one would believe savages are completely crippled by rheumatism.

Every time Emile is thirsty, I want him given drink. I want him given water, pure and without any preparation, not even to take the chill off it, even if he is bathed in sweat and it is the heart of winter. The only care I recommend is to distinguish the quality of the water. If it is river water, give it to him on the spot just as it comes from the river. If it is spring water, it must be left for a time in the air before he drinks it. In hot seasons rivers are hot; it is not the same with springs which have not had contact with the air. One must wait for them to get to the temperature of the atmosphere. In the winter, on the contrary, spring water is in this respect less dangerous than river water. But it is neither natural nor frequent that one gets in a sweat in the winter, especially out of doors, for the cold air, constantly striking the skin, represses the sweat within and prevents the pores from opening enough to give it free passage. Now I intend for Emile to exercise in winter not next to a good fireplace but outside in open country in the midst of ice. So long as he gets heated up only in making and throwing snowballs, we shall allow him to drink when he is thirsty and to continue his exercise after having drunk without our fearing any accident as a result. But if in some other exercise he gets into a sweat and is thirsty, let him drink cold water even at that time. Only arrange it so that you lead him far and slowly in search of his water. In the kind of cold I mean he will cool off sufficiently in getting there to drink it without danger. Above all, take these precautions without his noticing them. I would rather that he be sick sometimes than constantly attentive to his health.

Children must sleep long because their exercise is extreme. The one serves as corrective to the other. And it is seen that they need both. The time of rest is night; it has been marked out by nature. It is an established observation that sleep is calmer and sweeter while the sun is below the horizon and that air heated by its rays does not keep our senses in so deep a repose. Thus, the most salutary habit is certainly to get up and go to bed with the sun. It follows from this that in our climates man and all the animals generally need to sleep longer in winter than in summer. But civil life is not simple enough, natural enough, exempt enough from extreme changes and accidents for man properly to get accustomed to this uniformity to the point of making it necessary to him. Doubtless one must be subjected to rules. But the first is to be able to break them without risk when necessity wills. Therefore, do not go and imprudently soften your pupil by allowing him a peaceful sleep which endures without interruption. Deliver him at first without hindrance to the law of nature, but do not forget that among us he must be above that law, that he must be able to go to bed late, get up in the morning, be abruptly awakened, and spend nights up without getting upset. By going about it soon enough, by proceeding always gently and gradually, one can form the temperament by the very things that destroy it when it is submitted to them already fully formed.

It is important in the first instance to get used to being ill bedded. This is the way never again to find an uncomfortable bed. In general, the hard life, once turned into habit, multiplies agreeable sensations; the soft life prepares for an infinity of unpleasant ones. People raised too

delicately no longer find sleep elsewhere than on down; people accustomed to sleep on boards find it everywhere. There is no hard bed for him who falls asleep as soon as he lies down.

A soft bed where one sinks into feathers or eiderdown, so to speak, melts and dissolves the body. The kidneys, too warmly enveloped, heat up. The results are stones or other indispositions and, infallibly, a delicate constitution which feeds them all.

The best bed is the one which provides a better sleep. That is the bed Emile and I are preparing for ourselves during the day. We do not need to have Persian slaves brought to us to make our beds; in plowing the soil we are shaking out our mattresses.

I know from experience that when a child is healthy, one is master of making him sleep and wake up almost as one wills. When the child is in bed and his babble bores his nurse, she tells him, "Sleep." This is as though she were to tell him, "Be healthy," when he is sick. The true means of making him sleep is to bore him himself. Talk so much that he is forced to keep quiet, and soon he will sleep. Sermons are always good for something. Preaching to him is about equivalent to rocking him. But if you do use this narcotic in the evening, be careful not to use it during the day.

Sometimes I shall wake Emile up, less for fear that he get the habit of sleeping too long than to accustom him to everything, even to being awakened, even to being awakened abruptly. What is more, I would have very little talent for my job if I did not know how to force him to wake himself and get up, so to speak, at my will without my saying a single word to him.

If he does not sleep enough, I let him get a glimpse of a boring morning for the next day; and he himself will regard as so much gained all that he can give to sleep. If he sleeps too much, I give him the prospect of an entertainment to his taste on waking. Do I want him to wake himself at a certain moment? I say to him, "Tomorrow at six we are leaving to go fishing. We are going to walk to such and such a place. Do you want to join us?" He agrees and asks me to wake him. I promise or I do not promise, according to need. If he wakes up too late, he finds us gone. Woe, if he does not soon learn to wake himself up on his own.

Further, if it happens—which is rare—that some indolent child has an inclination to stagnate in laziness, he must not be abandoned to this inclination by which he would be totally benumbed but must be administered some stimulant which will wake him up. It is, of course, to be understood that this is not a question of making him act by force but of moving him by some appetite which draws him to it, and this appetite taken discriminatingly in the order of nature leads us to two ends at the same time.

I can imagine nothing the taste, even the rage, for which cannot with a bit of skill be inspired in children, without vanity, without emulation, without jealousy. Their vivacity, their imitative spirit suffice; their natural gaiety especially is an instrument which provides a sure hold, one of which no preceptor ever takes advantage. In all games, when they are quite persuaded that they are only games, children endure

without complaining and even in laughing what they would never otherwise endure without shedding torrents of tears. Long fasts, blows, burns, fatigues of all kinds are the amusements of young savages—proof that even pain has a seasoning that can take away bitterness. But it does not belong to every master to know how to prepare this stew, nor perhaps to every disciple to savor it without grimace. Here I am once more, if I do not watch out, lost in the exceptions.

What does not admit of exceptions, however, is man's subjection to pain, to the ills of his species, to the accidents, to the dangers of life, finally to death. The more he is familiarized with all these ideas, the more he will be cured of the importunate sensitivity which only adds to the ill itself the impatience to undergo it. The more he gets used to the sufferings which can strike him, the more, as Montaigne would say, the sting of strangeness is taken from them, and also the more his soul is made invulnerable and hard.[58] His body will be the shield which will turn away all the arrows by which he might be mortally struck. The very approach of death not being death, he will hardly feel it as such. He will not, so to speak, die. He will be living or dead; nothing more. It is of him that the same Montaigne could say, as he did say of a king of Morocco, that no man has lived so far into death.[59] Constancy and firmness, like the other virtues, are apprenticeships of childhood. But it is not by teaching the names of these virtues that one teaches them to children. It is by making the children taste them without knowing what they are.

But, apropos of dying, how shall we behave with our pupil concerning the danger of smallpox? Shall we have him inoculated with it at an early age, or wait for him to get it naturally? The first choice, more in conformity with our practice, defends against danger at the age when life is most precious by taking a risk at the age when life is less so—if, indeed, the name *risk* can be given to inoculation well administered.

But the second choice is more in accord with our general principles of letting nature alone in everything, in the care it is wont to take by itself and which it abandons as soon as man wants to interfere. The man of nature is always prepared; let him be inoculated by the master; it will choose the moment better than we would.

Do not conclude from this that I am against inoculation, for the reasoning on whose basis I exempt my pupil from it would ill suit your pupils. Your education prepares them not to escape smallpox at the time they are attacked by it. If you leave its coming to chance, they will probably die from it. I see that in the various countries inoculation is resisted the more as it becomes more necessary; and the reason for this is easily grasped. So I shall hardly deign to treat this question for my Emile. He will be inoculated, or he will not be, according to times, places, and circumstances. It is almost a matter of indifference in his case. If he is given smallpox, one will have the advantage of foreseeing and knowing his illness ahead of time; that is something. But if he gets it naturally, we will have preserved him from the doctor. That is even more.[60]

An exclusive education—an education whose only goal is to distinguish those who receive it from the people—always gives the preference

to the more costly forms of training over the more common and, consequently, over the more useful ones. Thus all carefully raised young people learn to ride horseback because that costs a lot. But almost none of them learns to swim because it costs nothing, and an artisan can know how to swim as well as anyone. However, without having gone to the academy, a traveler rides, holds on, and makes use of the horse adequate to the need. But in water if one does not swim, one drowns; and one does not swim without having learned. Finally, riding horseback is never a matter of life or death, whereas nobody is sure of avoiding a danger to which one is so often exposed as drowning. Emile will be in water as on land. Why should he not live in all the elements? If he could be taught to fly in the air, I would make an eagle of him. I would make a salamander of him if a man could be hardened against fire.

It is feared that in learning to swim a child might drown. If he drowns while he is learning or because he has not learned, in either case it will be your fault. It is only vanity which makes us rash. A person is never rash when he is seen by no one. Emile would not be rash even if the whole universe were watching. Since risk is not required for practicing swimming, he could learn to cross the Hellespont in a canal in his father's park. But one must even get used to risk, so as to learn not to be disturbed by it. This is an essential part of the apprenticeship of which I spoke a while ago. Moreover, being careful to balance the degree of danger with the amount of his strength and sharing the danger with him always, I will hardly have to fear imprudence when my own preservation is also the basis for the care I give to him.

A child is not as big as a man. He has neither a man's strength nor his reason. But he sees and hears as well, or very nearly as well, as a man. His taste is as sensitive, although less delicate; and he distinguishes smells as well, although he does not bring the same sensuality to them. The first faculties which are formed and perfected in us are the senses. They are, therefore, the first faculties that ought to be cultivated; they are the only ones which are completely ignored or the ones which are most neglected.

To exercise the senses is not only to make use of them, it is to learn to judge well with them. It is to learn, so to speak, to sense; for we know how to touch, see, and hear only as we have learned.

There are purely natural and mechanical exercises which serve to make the body robust without giving any occasion for the exercise of judgment. Swimming, running, jumping, spinning a top, throwing stones, all that is quite good. But have we only arms and legs? Have we not also eyes and ears; and are these organs superfluous to the use of the former? Therefore, do not exercise only strength; exercise all the senses which direct it. Get from each of them all that they can do. Then verify the impression of one by the other. Measure, count, weigh, compare. Use strength only after having estimated resistance. Always arrange it so that the estimate of the effect precedes the use of the means. Interest the child in never making insufficient or superfluous efforts. If you accustom him to foresee thus the effect of all his move-

ments and to set his mistakes right by experience, is it not clear that the more he acts, the more judicious he will become?

Is there a mass to lift? If he takes too long a lever, he will waste motion. If he takes too short a one, he will not have enough strength. Experience can teach him to choose precisely the stick he needs. This wisdom is, hence, not beyond his age. Is there a load to carry? If he wants to take one as heavy as he can carry and not try any he cannot lift, will he not be forced to estimate its weight by sight? Does he know how to compare masses of the same matter and of different size? Let him choose between masses of the same size and different matters. He will have to set himself to comparing their specific weights. I have seen a very well-raised young man who, only after putting it to the test, was willing to believe that a container full of big pieces of oak was less heavy than the same container filled with water.

We are not masters of the use of all our senses equally. There is one of them—that is, touch—whose activity is never suspended during waking. It has been spread over the entire surface of our body as a continual guard to warn us of all that can do it damage. It is also the one of which, willy-nilly, we acquire the earliest experience due to this continual exercise and to which, consequently, we have less need to give a special culture. However, we observe that the blind have a surer and keener touch than we do; because, not being guided by sight, they are forced to learn to draw solely from the former sense the judgments which the latter furnishes us. Why, then, are we not given practice at walking as the blind do in darkness, to know the bodies we may happen to come upon, to judge the objects which surround us—in a word, to do at night without light all that they do by day without eyes? As long as the sun shines, we have the advantage over them. In the dark they are in their turn our guides. We are blind half of our lives, with the difference that the truly blind always know how to conduct themselves, while we dare not take a step in the heart of the night. We have lights, I will be told. What? Always machines? Who promises you that they will follow you everywhere in case of need? As for me, I prefer that Emile have eyes in the tips of his fingers than in a candlemaker's shop.

Are you enclosed in a building in the middle of the night? Clap your hands. You will perceive by the resonance of the place whether the area is large or small, whether you are in the middle or in a corner. At half a foot from a wall the air, circulating less and reflecting more, brings a different sensation to your face. Stay in place, and turn successively in every direction. If there is an open door, a light draft will indicate it to you. Are you in a boat? You will know by the way the air strikes your face not only in what direction you are going but whether the river's current is carrying you along slow or fast. These observations and countless others like them can be made well only at night. However much attention we might want to give to them in daylight, we will be aided or distracted by sight; they will escape us. Here, meanwhile, we do not even use our hands or a cane. How much ocular knowledge can be acquired by touch, even without touching anything at all?

Many night games. This advice is more important than it seems. Night naturally frightens men and sometimes animals as well.* Reason, knowledge, wit, and courage deliver few men from the exaction of this tribute. I have seen reasoners, strong-minded men, philosophers, soldiers intrepid by daylight tremble like women at the sound of a leaf at night. This fright is attributed to the tales of nurses.[61] That is a mistake. It has a natural cause. What is this cause? The same one which makes deaf men distrustful and the people [62] superstitious: ignorance of the things which surround us and of what is going on about us.† Accustomed to perceive objects from afar and to foresee their impressions in advance, how—when I no longer see anything around me—would I not suppose there to be countless beings, countless things in motion which can harm me and from which it is impossible for me to protect myself? I may very well know that I am secure in the place I am; I never know it as well as if I actually saw it. I am therefore always subject to a fear that I do not have in daylight. True, I know that a foreign body can hardly act on mine without proclaiming itself by some sound. So how alert I constantly keep my ears! At the slightest sound whose cause I cannot make out, interest in my preservation immediately brings to my mind everything that most makes me keep on my guard and consequently everything that is most likely to frighten me.

Do I hear absolutely nothing? That does not make me calm, for, after all, without noise I can still be surprised. I must assume that things are as they were before, as they still should be, that I see what I do not see. Compelled thus to set my imagination in motion, I am soon no longer its master, and what I did to reassure myself serves only to alarm me more. If I hear a noise, I hear robbers. If I hear nothing, I see phantoms. The vigilance inspired in me by concern for my preservation gives me only grounds for fear. Everything that ought to reassure me exists only in my reason. Instinct, stronger, speaks to me in a man-

* This fright becomes very manifest in great eclipses of the sun.

† This is again another cause well explained by a philosopher whose book I often cite and whose great views instruct me even more often.

When due to particular circumstances we cannot have an exact idea of distance, and we can judge objects only by the size of the angle or, rather, of the image they form in our eyes, then we necessarily make mistakes about the size of these objects. Everybody has the experience in traveling at night of taking a bush which is near for a big tree which is far, or of taking a big tree at a distance for a bush next to one. Similarly, if one does not know the objects by their form and one cannot in this way have any idea of the distance, one will again necessarily make mistakes. A fly which passes rapidly by a few inches away from our eyes will appear to us in this case to be a bird which is at a very great distance. A horse which is not moving in the middle of a field and is in a posture similar, for example, to that of a sheep will not appear to us to be anything other than a big sheep, so long as we do not recognize that it is a horse. But as soon as we have recognized it, it will at that instant appear to us as big as a horse, and we will rectify our first judgment on the spot.

Every time, therefore, that one is at night in unknown places where one cannot judge distance, and where one cannot recognize the form of things due to the darkness, one will at every instant be in danger of falling into error with respect to the judgments one makes about the objects which one meets. From this come the terror and kind of inner fear that the darkness of night causes almost all men to feel. On this is founded the appearance of specters and gigantic, frightful figures that so many people say they have seen. Ordinarily one responds to them that these figures were in their imagination. However, they could really have been in their eyes, and it is quite possible that they have indeed seen what they say they have seen; for it must necessarily

ner quite different. What is the good of thinking that there is nothing to fear, since then there is nothing to do?

The discovery of the cause of the ill indicates the remedy. In everything habit kills imagination. Only new objects awaken it. In those one sees every day, it is no longer imagination which acts, but memory; and that is the reason for the axiom *ab assuetis non fit passio*,[63] for only by the fire of the imagination are the passions kindled. Do not, then, reason with him whom you want to cure of loathing of the dark. Take him out in it often, and rest assured that all the arguments of philosophy are not equal in value to this practice. Tilers on roofs do not get dizzy, and one never sees a man who is accustomed to being in the dark afraid in it.

This is, therefore, an additional advantage of our night games. But for these games to succeed, I cannot recommend enough that there be gaiety in them. Nothing is so sad as darkness. Do not go and close your child up in a dungeon. Let him be laughing as he enters the dark; let laughter overtake him again before he leaves it. While he is still there, let the idea of the entertainments he is leaving and those he is going to find again forbid him fantastic imaginings which could come there to seek him out.

There is a stage of life beyond which, in progressing, one retrogresses. I sense that I have passed that stage. I am beginning again, so to speak, another career. The emptiness of ripe age, which has made itself felt in me, retraces for me the steps of the sweet time of an earlier age. In getting old, I become a child again, and I recall more gladly what I did at ten than at thirty. Readers, pardon me, therefore, for sometimes drawing my examples from myself, for to do this book well I must do it with pleasure.[64]

I was in the country boarding with a minister named M. Lambercier. I had as my comrade a cousin who was richer than I and who was

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happen, every time one can judge an object only by the angle it forms in the eye, that this unknown object will swell and get larger as one gets nearer to it; and if it at first appeared to the spectator, who cannot know what he is seeing or judge at what distance he is seeing it from—if it appeared, I say, at first to be several feet high when he was twenty or thirty feet away, it must appear several fathoms high when he is no longer more than a few feet away. This must, indeed, surprise and frighten him up until he finally gets to touch the object or to recognize it, for at the very instant he recognizes what it is, that object which appeared gigantic will suddenly diminish and will no longer appear to be anything but its real size. But if one flees or does not dare to come close, it is certain that one will have no other idea of this object than the one of the image it formed in the eye and that one will have really seen an object gigantic and frightful by its size and form. The prejudice of specters is, therefore, founded in nature, and these appearances do not depend, as the philosophers believe, solely on the imagination. [Buffon, *Histoire Naturelle*, vol. VI., p. 22.]

I have tried to show in the text how it always depends in part on the imagination, and, as for the cause explained in this passage, one sees that the habit of walking at night ought to teach us to distinguish the appearances objects take on in our eyes in darkness owing to the resemblance of forms and the diversity of distances. When the air is still lighted enough to let us perceive the contours of objects, and since there is more air interposed in a greater distance, we ought always to see these contours less distinctly when the object is farther from us; this suffices by dint of habit to guarantee us from the error explained here by M. de Buffon. Whatever explanation one prefers my method is, therefore, always effective; and this is perfectly confirmed by experience.

treated as an heir, while I, far away from my father, was only a poor orphan. My big cousin Bernard was a poltroon to a singular degree, especially at night. I mocked him so much for his fright that M. Lambercier, bored by my boasting, wanted to put my courage to the test. One autumn evening when it was very dark, he gave me the key to the temple and told me to go and get from the pulpit the Bible that had been left there. He added, so as to involve my honor, a few words which put me in the position of not being able to hang back.

I left without light. If I had had it, things would have perhaps been still worse. I had to go by way of the cemetery. I crossed it heartily, for so long as I felt I was in the open air, I never had nocturnal fright.

On opening the door, I heard a certain echoing up in the arch, which I believed resembled voices and which began to shake my Roman firmness. With the door opened, I determined to go in, but hardly had I taken a few steps before I stopped. In perceiving the profound darkness which reigned in this vast place, I was seized by a terror which made my hair stand on end. I moved back; I went out; I took flight, trembling all over. I found in the court a little dog named Sultan whose caresses reassured me. Ashamed of my fright, I retraced my steps, this time, however, trying to bring along Sultan, who did not want to follow me. I briskly crossed the threshold and entered the church. Hardly had I gone in again when the fright came back, but so powerfully that I lost my head; and although the pulpit was to the right, and I knew it very well, having turned without being aware of it, I sought it for a long time to the left; I floundered among the pews; I no longer knew where I was; and unable to find either pulpit or door, I fell into a state of inexpressible consternation. Finally I perceived the door. I succeeded in getting out of the temple and made off as I had the first time, fully resolved never to go in there alone again except by daylight.

I went back as far as the house. About to enter, I made out M. Lambercier's voice bursting with laughter. I immediately supposed it to be directed at me; and embarrassed at seeing myself exposed, I hesitated to open the door. In this interval I heard Mademoiselle Lambercier expressing worry about me, telling the serving girl to bring the lantern, and M. Lambercier getting ready to come and look for me escorted by my intrepid cousin, to whom afterward they would without fail have given all the honor resulting from the expedition. Instantly all my frights ceased, leaving me only the fright of being encountered in my flight. I ran—I flew—to the temple without losing my way; without groping around, I got to the pulpit, mounted it, took the Bible, jumped down, in three bounds was out of the temple, whose door I even forgot to close. I entered the room, out of breath, threw the Bible on the table, flustered but palpitating with joy at having been ahead of the help intended for me.

One might ask if I tell this story as a model to follow and as an example of the gaiety which I exact in this kind of exercise? No, but I give it as proof that nothing is more reassuring to someone frightened of shadows in the night than to hear company, assembled in a neighboring room, laughing and chatting calmly. I would want that, instead of playing alone with one's pupil in this way, one brings together many

good-humored children in the evening, that at first they be sent out not separately but several together, that no chance be taken with a single child all alone, unless one is quite sure beforehand that he will not be too frightened.

I can imagine nothing so pleasant and so useful as such games if one is willing to put a bit of skill into organizing them. In a large room I would make a kind of labyrinth with tables, chairs, and screens. In the tortuous and complex passages through this labyrinth, I would set, amidst eight or ten boxes which are decoys, another box, almost the same, well lined with bonbons. I would describe in clear but succinct terms the precise place where the right box is to be found. I would give enough information to make it clear for persons more attentive and less giddy than children.* Then after having made the little competitors draw lots, I would send them all out, one after the other, until the right box was found. I would take care to make finding it difficult in proportion to their skill.

Just think of a little Hercules arriving with a box in his hand, full of pride in his expedition. The box is put on the table and ceremoniously opened. I can already hear the bursts of laughter, the jeers of the joyous band when, instead of the candies that were expected, they find, very nicely set out on moss or cotton, a June bug, a snail, a piece of coal, an acorn, a turnip or some other similar foodstuff. Other times, in a room freshly whitewashed, we will hang near the wall some toy, some little decoration; the object will be to go and get it without touching the wall. Hardly will the one who brings it have returned—however minor his infraction of the rule—before his maladroitness will be betrayed by the white at the tip of his cap, at the tip of his shoes, on the edge of his jacket, or on his sleeve. This is quite enough, perhaps too much, to make the spirit of this kind of game understood. If you have to be told everything, do not read me.

What advantages will a man thus raised not have over other men at night? Accustomed to having a good footing in darkness, practiced at handling with ease all surrounding bodies, his feet and hands will lead him without difficulty in the deepest darkness. His imagination, full of the nocturnal games of his youth, will be loath to turn to frightening objects. If he believes he hears bursts of laughter, instead of belonging to sprites they will be those of his old comrades. If an assemblage appears, it will not be for him the witches' sabbath but his governor's room. The night, recalling to him only gay ideas, will never be frightening for him. Instead of fearing it, he will like it. Is there a military expedition? He will be ready at any hour, alone as well as with his company. He will enter Saul's camp, go through it without losing his way, will go up to the king's tent without awakening anyone, and will return without being noticed. Must the horses of Rhesus be abducted? Call on him without fear. Among men raised in a different way you will have difficulty finding a Ulysses.[65]

* To give them practice in paying attention, never tell them anything but things which they have a palpable and immediate interest in understanding well—above all, nothing drawn out, never a superfluous word. But, also, let there be neither obscurity nor ambiguity in your speech.

I have seen people who wanted to accustom children to be fearless at night by surprising them. This is a very bad method. It produces an effect exactly the opposite of the one sought and serves always to make children only more fearful. Neither reason nor habit can reassure us when we have the idea of a present danger whose extent and kind cannot be known, or when we fear surprises we have often experienced. Nevertheless, how are you to ensure that your pupil be always kept out of the way of such accidents? Here is the best advice, it seems to me, with which he can be forearmed against them: "In such a case," I would say to my Emile, "you may justly defend yourself, for the aggressor does not let you judge if he wants to do you harm or frighten you; and since he has taken the advantage, even flight is not a refuge for you. Therefore, boldly grab the one who surprises you at night, man or beast—it makes no difference. Hold on and squeeze him with all your might. If he struggles, hit him. Do not stint your blows; and whatever he may say or do, never loosen your hold on him until you know for sure what is going on. Probably his explanation will show you that there was not much to fear, and this way of treating jesters should naturally discourage them from trying again."

Although touch is, of all our senses, the one we exercise the most continually, its judgments nevertheless remain, as I have said, imperfect and more crude than those of any other sense, because we continually use along with it the sense of sight; and since the eye reaches the object sooner than the hand, the mind almost always judges without the latter. On the other hand, precisely because they are most limited, tactile judgments are surer; for, extending only so far as our hands can reach, they rectify the giddiness of the other senses which leap far ahead to objects they hardly perceive, while everything that touch perceives, it perceives well. In addition, since we join when we please the strength of muscles to the activity of nerves, we are able to unite judgment of weight and solidity with judgment of temperature, size, and shape simultaneously in a single sensation. Thus touch, being of all the senses the one which best informs us about the impression foreign bodies can make on our own, is the one whose use is the most frequent and gives us most immediately the knowledge necessary to our preservation.

Since a trained touch supplements sight, why could it not also up to a certain point supplement hearing, given the fact that sounds set off vibrations which can be sensed by touch in sonorous bodies? In placing a hand on the body of a cello, one can, without the aid of eyes or ears, distinguish solely by the way the wood vibrates and quivers whether the sound it produces is low or high, whether it comes from the A string or the C string. Let the senses be trained in these differences. I have no doubt that with time one could become sensitive enough to be able to hear an entire air with the fingers. And if this is the case, it is clear that one could easily speak to the deaf with music, for sounds and rhythms, no less susceptible of regular combinations than articulations and voices, can similarly be taken for the elements of speech.

There are practices which dull the sense of touch and make it blunter. Others, on the contrary, sharpen it and make it keener and more deli-

cate. The former, those that join much motion and force to constant contact with hard bodies, make the skin rough and callous and take the natural feeling away from it. The latter are those which vary this same feeling by a light and frequent contact, so that the mind, attentive to impressions incessantly repeated, acquires facility at judging all their modifications. This difference is palpable in the use of musical instruments. The hard and bruising touch of the cello, the bass, even of the violin, in making the fingers more flexible, hardens their extremities. The smooth and polished touch of the harpsichold makes them as flexible and more sensitive at the same time. In this, therefore, the harpsichord is to be preferred.

It is important that the skin be hardened to the impressions of, and able to brave changes in, the air, for it defends all the rest, except that I would not want the hand to get hardened from too servile an application to the same labors nor its skin, become almost bony, to lose that exquisite sensitivity that permits it to recognize the bodies over which one passes it and which in the dark sometimes cause us to shudder—in ways that differ according to the kind of contact.

Why must my pupil be forced always to have a cow's skin under his feet? What harm would there be if in case of need his own skin were able to serve him as a sole? In this part of the body the delicacy of the skin clearly can never be useful for anything and can often do much harm. Awakened at midnight in the heart of winter by the enemy in the city, the Genevans found their muskets before their shoes. If none of them had known how to march barefoot, who knows whether Geneva might not have been taken? [66]

Let us always arm man against unexpected accidents. In the morning let Emile run barefoot in all seasons, in his room, on the stairs, in the garden. Far from reproaching him, I shall imitate him. I shall take care only that glass be removed. I shall soon speak of manual labor and games. Beyond that let him learn to do all the steps which help the body's development, to find a comfortable and stable posture in all positions. Let him know how to jump long and high, to climb a tree, to get over a wall. Let him learn to keep his balance; let all his movements and gestures be ordered according to the laws of equilibrium, long before the study of statics is introduced to explain it all to him. By the way his foot touches the ground and his body rests on his legs, he ought to be able to feel whether he is well or ill positioned. An assured bearing is always graceful, and the firmest postures are also the most elegant. If I were a dancing master, I would not perform all the monkeyshines of Marcel,* good only for that country where he engages in them. Instead of eternally busying my pupil with leaps, I would take him to the foot of a cliff. There I would show him what attitude he must take, how he must bear his body and his head, what

* Celebrated dancing master of Paris, who, knowing his world well, played the fool out of cunning and attributed to his art an importance which others feigned to find ridiculous, but for which, at bottom, they respected him very greatly. In another art, no less frivolous, one can also today see an actor-artist play the man of importance and the madman and succeed no less well. This is the sure method in France. True talent, simpler and with less charlatanry, does not make its fortune there. Modesty is there the virtue of fools.

movements he must make, in what way he must place now his foot, now his hand, so as to follow lightly the steep, rough, uneven paths and to bound from peak to peak in climbing up as well as down. I would make him the emulator of a goat rather than of a dancer at the Opéra.

As touch concentrates its operations in the immediate vicinity of man, so sight extends its operations beyond him. That is what makes the operations of sight deceptive. At a glance a man embraces half of his horizon. In this multitude of simultaneous sensations and the judgments they call forth, how is it possible not to be deceived by any? Thus of all our senses sight is the most defective, precisely because it is the most extended; and far in advance of all the others, its operations are too quick and too vast to be rectified by them. What is more, the very illusions of perspective are necessary for us to come to a knowledge of extension and to compare its parts. Without false appearances we would see nothing in perspective; without the gradations of size and light we could not estimate any distance, or, rather, there would be none for us. If, of two equal trees, the one a hundred paces from us appeared as large and as distinct as the one at ten, we would place them side by side. If we perceived all the dimensions of objects in their true measure, we would see no space, and everything would appear to be in our eye.

The sense of sight has only a single measure for judging the size of objects and their distance—namely, the width of the angle they make in our eye; and since that angle width is a simple effect of a complex cause, the judgment it calls forth leaves each particular cause indeterminate or becomes necessarily defective. For how is it possible to distinguish by simple sight whether the angle by which I see one object as smaller than another is so because this first object is actually smaller or because it is more distant?

Therefore, a method contrary to the former must be followed here. Instead of simplifying the sensation, double it, always verify it by another. Subject the visual organ to the tactile organ, and repress, so to speak, the impetuosity of the former sense by the heavy and regular step of the latter. If we fail to submit ourselves to this practice, our estimated measurements are very inexact. There is no precision in our glance for judging heights, lengths, depths, and distances. And the proof that it is not so much the fault of the sense as it is of its use is that engineers, surveyors, architects, masons, and painters generally have a much surer glance than we do and appraise the measurements of extension with more exactness. Because their professions give them the experience that we neglect to acquire, they remove the ambiguity of the angle by the appearances which accompany it and which determine more exactly to their eyes the relation of that angle's two causes.

Anything which gives movement to the body without constraining it is always easy to obtain from children. There are countless means of interesting them in measuring, knowing, and estimating distances. Here is a very tall cherry tree. How shall we go about picking the cherries? Will the barn ladder do for that? Here is quite a large stream. How shall we cross it? Will one of the planks from the courtyard reach both banks? We would like to fish from our windows in the mansion's

ponds. How many spans ought our line to have? I would like to hang a swing between these two trees: will a rope two fathoms long be enough for us? I am told that in the other house our room will be twenty-five square feet. Do you believe that it will suit us? Will it be larger than this one? We are very hungry. There are two villages. At which of the two will we arrive sooner for dinner? Et cetera.

There was an indolent and lazy child who was to be trained in running—a child not of himself drawn to this exercise or to any other, although he was intended for a military career. He had persuaded himself, I do not know how, that a man of his rank ought to do and know nothing, and that his noble birth was going to take the place of arms and legs as well as of every kind of merit. To make of such a gentleman a light-footed Achilles, the skill of Chiron himself would have hardly sufficed. The difficulty was all the greater since I wanted to prescribe to him absolutely nothing. I had banished from among my rights exhortations, promises, threats, emulation, the desire to be conspicuous. How could I give him the desire to run without saying anything to him? To run myself would have been a very uncertain means and one subject to disadvantages. Moreover, the intention was also to get for him from this exercise some object of instruction, so as to accustom the operations of the machine and those of judgment always to work harmoniously. Here is how I went about it—I, that is to say, the man who speaks in this example.

In going walking with him in the afternoon I sometimes put in my pocket two cakes of a kind he liked a lot. We each ate one of them during the walk,* and we came back quite contented. One day he noticed that I had three cakes. He could have eaten six of them comfortably. He dispatched his promptly in order to ask me for the third. "No," I said to him, "I could very well eat it myself, or we could divide it. But I prefer to see those two little boys there compete for it by running." I called them, showed them the cake, and proposed the condition to them. They asked for nothing better. The cake was set on a large stone which served as the finish. The course was marked out. We went and sat down. At a given signal the little boys started. The victor seized the cake and ate it without mercy before the eyes of the spectators and the vanquished.

This entertainment was better than the cake, but at first it did not register and produced nothing. I did not give up, nor did I hurry; the education of children is a vocation in which one must know how to lose time in order to gain it. We continued our walks. Often we took three cakes, sometimes four, and from time to time there was one, even two, for the runners. If the prize was not big, those who competed for it were not ambitious. The one who won it was praised and given a celebration; it was all done with ceremony. To provide variety and increase interest, I marked off a longer course. I allowed several contestants. Hardly

* Walk in the country, as will be seen immediately. The public walks of cities are pernicious for children of both sexes. It is there that they begin to become vain and to want to be looked at. It is in the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, especially the Palais-Royal, that the brilliant young of Paris go to get that impertinent and foppish air which makes them so ridiculous and causes them to be hooted and detested throughout Europe.

were they in the lanes when all the passers-by stopped to see them. Acclamations, shouts, and clapping cheered them on. I sometimes saw my little fellow tremble, get up, and shout when one was near to catching up with or passing another. These were for him the Olympic games.

However, sometimes the contestants cheated. They held onto or tripped one another or pushed pebbles in one another's way. That gave me the occasion to separate them and make them start from different points, although at equal distances from the goal. The reason for this provision will soon be seen, for I am going to treat this important affair in great detail.

Irritated by always seeing cakes, which he desired very much for himself, eaten before his eyes, the knight finally got into his head the suspicion that running well could be good for something; and, seeing that he also had two legs, he began to take a try in secret. I was careful not to see a thing. But I understood that my stratagem had worked. When he believed himself to be up to it, and I had read his thought ahead of him, he affected to importune me for the remaining cake. I refused him. He was stubborn and, in a vexed tone, said to me finally: "Very well, put it on the stone, mark out the field, and we shall see." "Good," I said to him, laughing. "Does a knight know how to run? You will get a bigger appetite and nothing to satisfy it with." Goaded by my mockery, he made an effort and carried off the prize, all the more easily since I had made the lists very short and had taken care to keep the best runner away. It can be conceived how, this first step made, it was easy for me to keep him on his toes. Soon he got such a taste for this exercise that without favor he was almost sure of vanquishing my little scamps at running, however long the course.

This accomplishment produced another of which I had not dreamed. When he had rarely carried off the prize, he almost always ate it alone, as did his competitors. But, in accustoming himself to victory, he became generous and often shared with the vanquished. That provided a moral observation for me, and I learned thereby what the true principle of generosity is.

Continuing with him to mark in different places the points from which each boy was to begin at the same time, without his noticing it I made the distances unequal. Thus one boy, having to cover more ground than another to get to the same goal, had a visible disadvantage. But although I left the choice to my disciple, he did not know how to avail himself of the opportunity. Without bothering about the distance, he always preferred the path that looked good; so that, easily foreseeing his choice, I was practically the master of making him lose or win the cake at will, and this skill also had its uses for more than one end. However, since my plan was that he notice the difference, I tried to make it evident to his senses. But though he was indolent when calm, he was so lively in his games and distrusted me so little that I had the greatest difficulty in making him notice that I was cheating. Finally I succeeded despite his giddiness. He reproached me for it. I said to him, "What are you complaining about? With a gift that is within my pleasure to give, am I not master of my conditions? Who is forcing you to run? Did I promise to make equal lanes for you? Have you not the choice? Take

the shorter one. Nobody is preventing you. How do you not see that it is you I am favoring, and that the inequality you are grumbling about is entirely to your advantage if you know how to avail yourself of it?" This was clear; he understood it; and to choose he had to look more closely. At first he wanted to count the paces. But measurement by a child's pace is slow and defective. Moreover, I planned it so that the number of races on a single day was multiplied; and then, the play becoming a sort of passion, he regretted to lose, in measuring the lanes, the time intended to be used for running them. The vivacity of childhood adjusts itself poorly to these delays. He practiced himself, therefore, at seeing better, at estimating a distance better by sight. Then I had little difficulty in extending and nourishing this taste. Finally a few months of tests and corrected errors formed the visual compass in him to such an extent that when I told him to think of a cake on some distant object, he had a glance almost as sure as a surveyor's chain.

Since sight is, of all the senses, the one from which the mind's judgments can least be separated, much time is needed to learn how to see. Sight must have been compared with touch for a long time to accustom the former to give us a faithful report of shapes and distances. Without touch, without progressive movement, the most penetrating eyes in the world would not be able to give us any idea of extension. The entire universe must be only a point for an oyster. It would not appear to it as anything more even if a human soul were to inform this oyster. It is only by dint of walking, grasping, counting, of measuring dimensions that one learns to estimate them. But also if one always measured, sense, always relying on the instrument, would not acquire any exactness. Neither must the child go all of a sudden from measurement to estimation. At first, continuing to compare part by part what he would not know how to compare all at once, he must substitute for precise divisors estimated ones and, instead of always applying the measure with his hand, get accustomed to applying it with his eyes alone. I would, however, want his first operations to be verified by real measures in order that he correct his errors, and that if some false appearance remains in the sense, he learn to rectify it by a better judgment. There are natural measures which are almost the same in all places—a man's pace, his outstretched arms, his stature. When the child estimates the height of a story, his governor can serve him as measuring rod; if he estimates the height of a steeple, let him measure it against houses. If he wants to know the number of leagues covered by a road, let him count the hours it takes to walk it. And, above all, let nothing of all this be done for him, but let him do it himself.

One could not learn to judge the extension and the size of bodies well without also getting to know their shapes and even learning to imitate them; for, at bottom, this imitation depends absolutely only on the laws of perspective, and one can estimate extension by its appearances only if one has some feeling for these laws. Children, who are great imitators, all try to draw. I would want my child to cultivate this art, not precisely for the art itself but for making his eye exact and his hand flexible. And in general it is of very little importance that he know this or that exercise, provided that his senses acquire the per-

spicacity and his body the good habits one gains by this exercise. I will, therefore, carefully avoid giving him a drawing master who would give him only imitations to imitate and would make him draw only from drawings. I want him to have no other master than nature and no other model than objects. I want him to have before his eyes the original itself and not the paper representing it, to sketch a house from a house, a tree from a tree, a man from a man, so that he gets accustomed to observing bodies and their appearances well and not to taking false and conventional imitations for true imitations. I will even divert him from drawing from memory in the absence of the objects until their exact shapes are well imprinted on his imagination by frequent observations, for fear that, by substituting bizarre and fantastic shapes for the truth of things, he will lose the knowledge of proportions and the taste for the beauties of nature.[67]

I know that in this way he will dabble for a long time without making anything recognizable; that the artist's elegance of contour and light touch he will get late, and discernment in picturesque effects and good taste in drawing, perhaps never. On the other hand, he will certainly develop a more accurate glance, a surer hand, the knowledge of the true relations of size and shape which exist among animals, plants, and natural bodies, and a quicker capacity for experiencing the play of perspective. This is precisely what I wanted to accomplish, and my intention is that he be able not so much to imitate objects as to know them. I prefer that he show me an acanthus plant and sketch the foliage of a capital less well.

Moreover, in this exercise as in all the others, I do not want my pupil to be the only one to have fun. I want to make it even more agreeable for him by constantly sharing it with him. I do not want him to have any emulator other than me, but I will be his emulator without respite and without risk. That will put interest in his occupations without causing jealousy between us. I will take up the pencil following his example. I will use it at first as maladroitly as he. Were I an Apelles,[68] I would now be only a dabbler. I will begin by sketching a man as lackeys sketch them on walls: a line for each arm, a line for each leg, and the fingers thicker than the arm. Quite a while later one or the other of us will notice this disproportion. We will observe that a leg has thickness, that this thickness is not the same all over, that the arm has its length determined by relation to the body, etc. In this progress I will at very most advance along with him, or I will be so little ahead of him that it will always be easy for him to catch up with me and often to surpass me. We shall have colors, brushes. We shall try to imitate the coloring of objects and their whole appearance as well as their shape. We shall color, paint, dabble. But, in all our dabblings, we shall not stop spying on nature; we shall never do anything except under the master's eye.

We were in want of adornment for our room. Here it is found. I have our drawings framed. I have them covered with fine glass so that they no longer can be touched, and each of us, seeing them remain in the state in which we put them, will have an interest in not neglecting his own. I arrange them in order around the room, each drawing re-

peated twenty, thirty times, and each copy showing the author's progress, from the moment when a house is only an almost formless square until its façade, its profile, its proportions, and its shadows are present in the most exact truth. These gradations cannot fail constantly to present pictures of interest to us and objects of curiosity for others and to excite ever more our emulation. On the first, the crudest, of these drawings I put quite brilliant, well-gilded frames which enhance them. But when the imitation becomes more exact, and the drawing is truly good, then I give it nothing more than a very simple black frame. It needs no adornment other than itself, and it would be a shame for the border to get part of the attention the object merits. Thus each of us aspires to the honor of the plain frame, and when one wants to express contempt for a drawing of the other, he condemns it to the gilded frame. Someday perhaps these gilded frames will serve as proverbs for us, and we shall wonder at how many men do themselves justice in providing such frames for themselves.

I have said that geometry is not within the reach of children. But it is our fault. We are not aware that their method is not ours, and that what becomes for us the art of reasoning, for them ought to be only the art of seeing. Instead of giving them our method, we would do better to take theirs. For our way of learning geometry is an affair just as much of imagination as of reasoning. When the proposition is stated, it is necessary to imagine its demonstration—that is to say, to find of which proposition already known this one must be a consequence and, out of all the consequences that can be drawn from that same proposition, to choose precisely the one required.

In this way the most exact reasoner, if he is not inventive, has to stop short. So what is the result of this? Instead of our being made to find the demonstrations, they are dictated to us. Instead of teaching us to reason, the master reasons for us and exercises only our memory.

Make exact figures, combine them, place them on one another, examine their relations. You will find the whole of elementary geometry in moving from observation to observation, without there being any question of definitions or problems or any form of demonstration other than simple superimposition. As for me, I do not intend to teach geometry to Emile; it is he who will teach it to me; I will seek the relations, and he will find them, for I will seek them in such a way as to make him find them. For example, instead of using a compass to draw a circle, I shall draw it with a point at the end of a string turning on a pivot. After that, when I want to compare the radii among themselves, Emile will ridicule me and make me understand that the same string, always taut, cannot have drawn unequal distances.

If I want to measure an angle of sixty degrees, I describe from the vertex of this angle not an arc but an entire circle, for with children nothing must ever be left implicit. I find that the portion of the circle contained between the two sides of the angle is one-sixth of the circle. After that I describe from the same vertex another larger circle, and I find that this second arc is still one-sixth of its circle. I describe a third concentric circle on which I make the same test, and I continue thus

on new circles—until Emile, shocked by my stupidity, informs me that each arc, big or little, contained by the same angle, will always be one-sixth of its circle, etc. Now it will soon be time to use the protractor.

To prove that adjacent angles are equal to two right angles, one describes a circle. I, on the contrary, arrange it so that Emile first notes this in the circle; and then I say to him, "If the circle were taken away and the right lines were left, would the angles' size have changed?" Et cetera.

People neglect the exactness of the figures; it is presupposed, and one concentrates on the demonstration. With us, on the contrary, the issue will never be demonstration. Our most important business will be to draw lines very straight, very exact, very equal—to make a very perfect square, to trace a very round circle. To verify the exactness of the figure, we shall examine it in all its properties which are grasped by the senses, and this will give us the opportunity to discover new ones every day. We shall get two semicircles by folding along the diameter; the halves of the square, by folding along the diagonal. We shall compare our two figures to see whose edges fit most exactly and, consequently, which is best made. We shall argue whether this equality of division ought always to be found in parallelograms, in trapezoids, etc. We shall sometimes attempt to foresee the success of the experiment before making it; we shall try to find reasons, etc.

Geometry is for my pupil only the art of using the ruler and the compass well. He ought not to confuse geometry with drawing, in which he will use neither of these instruments. The ruler and the compass will be kept under lock and key, and he will be granted the use of them only rarely and for a short time, so that he does not get accustomed to dabbling with them. But we can sometimes take our figures on our walks and chat about what we have done or want to do.

I shall never forget seeing at Turin a young man who had in his childhood been taught the relations between contours and surface areas by being given the choice every day of waffles with equal perimeters done in all the geometric figures. The little glutton had exhausted the art of Archimedes in finding out in which there was the most to eat.

When a child plays with the shuttlecock, he practices his eye and arm in accuracy; when he whips a top, he increases his strength by using it but without learning anything. I have sometimes asked why the same games of skill men have are not given to children: tennis, croquet, billiards, the bow, football, musical instruments. I was answered that some of these games are beyond a child's strength and that his limbs and his organs are not sufficiently developed for the others. I find these reasons poor: a child does not have a man's height but nonetheless is able to wear clothes made like a man's. I do not mean that he should play with our cues on a billiard table three feet high; I do not mean that he should hit the ball around in our courts, or that his little hand should be weighed down by a tennis racket; but I mean that he should play in a room where the windows are protected, that he should use only soft balls, that his first rackets should be of wood, then of sheepskin, and finally strung with catgut, commensurate with his progress. You will prefer shuttlecock because it is less tiring and without danger.

You are wrong in both of these reasons. Shuttlecock is a woman's game. But there is not a woman whom a moving ball does not cause to flee. Women's fair skins ought not to be hardened to bruises, and it is not contusions that their faces await. But we, made to be vigorous, do we believe we can become so painlessly? And of what defense will we be capable if we are never attacked? One is always lax in playing games in which one can be maladroit without risk. A falling shuttlecock does not harm anyone; but nothing arouses the arm like having to cover the head; nothing makes the glance so accurate as having to protect the eyes. To bound from one end of the room to the other, to judge a ball's bounce while still in the air, to return it with a hand strong and sure—such games are less suitable for a grown man than useful for forming him.

A child's fibers are, it is said, too soft. They have less spring, but they are also more pliant. His arm is weak, but, still, it is an arm; one ought to be able to do with it, proportionately, all that is done with another similar machine. Children's hands have no dexterity; that is why I want it given to them. A man as little practiced as they would have no more. We can know the use of our organs only after having employed them. It is only long experience which teaches us to turn ourselves to account, and this experience is the true study to which we cannot apply ourselves too soon.

Everything which is done can be done. Now, nothing is more common than seeing adroit and well-built children having the same agility in their limbs as a man can have. At almost every fair they are seen doing balancing acts, walking on their hands, leaping, tightrope dancing. For how many years have companies of children attracted spectators to the Comédie Italienne for their ballet? Who has not heard in Germany and in Italy of the pantomime company of the celebrated Nicolini? Has anyone ever noticed in these children less developed movements, less graceful attitudes, a less exact ear, a dance less light than in fully formed dancers? Does their having at first thick, short, hardly mobile fingers and chubby hands hardly capable of grasping anything prevent many children from knowing how to write or draw at an age when others do not yet know how to hold a pencil or pen? All of Paris still remembers the little English girl who at ten performed marvels on the harpsichord.* At the home of a magistrate I saw his son—a little fellow of eight who was put on the table at dessert like a statue amidst the plates—play a violin almost as big as he was. The quality of his execution surprised even the artists.

All these examples and a hundred thousand others prove, it seems to me, that the supposed ineptitude of children at our exercises is imaginary and that, if they are not seen to succeed at some, it is because they have never been given practice in them.

I will be told that I fall here, with respect to the body, into the mistake of premature culture of children which I criticize with respect to the mind. The difference is very great, for progress in one of these areas is only apparent, but in the other it is real. I have proved that the

* A little boy of seven has since that time performed even more astonishing ones.[69]

intelligence children appear to have, they do not have; but all that they appear to do, they in fact do. Moreover, it ought always to be borne in mind that all this is or ought to be only a game, an easy and voluntary direction of the movements nature asks of children, an art of varying their play to render it more pleasant to them without the least constraint ever turning it into work. Really, what will they play with that I cannot turn into an object of instruction for them? And if I cannot, provided that they play without causing any problem and the time passes, their progress in everything is not important for the present; whereas, those who feel that, no matter what, they just have to teach them this or that always find it impossible to succeed without constraint, without quarreling, and without boredom.

What I have said about the two senses whose use is the most continuous and the most important can serve to exemplify the way of exercising the others. Sight and touch are applied equally to bodies at rest and moving bodies; but since it is only disturbance of the air which can arouse the sense of hearing, it is only a body in motion which makes noise or sound, and if everything were at rest, we would never hear anything. At night, therefore, when we ourselves move only so much as we please and consequently have only moving bodies to fear, it is important for us to have an alert ear, to be able to judge by the sensation which strikes us whether the body causing it is big or little, far or near, whether its motion is violent or weak. When air is disturbed, it is subject to repercussions which reflect it and which, producing echoes, repeat the sensation and make the loud or resonant body heard in a place other than where it is. If in a plain or a valley one puts one's ear to the ground, one hears the voices of men and the hoofs of horses much farther away than when one stands up.

As we have compared sight to touch, it is similarly good to compare it to hearing and to know which of the two impressions, starting out from the same body at the same time, first reaches the organ that perceives it. When one sees a cannon's fire, one can still find cover from the shot; but so soon as one hears the noise, there is no longer time; the ball is there. The distance from which thunder is coming can be judged by the time which passes from the lightning to the clap. Arrange things so that the child has knowledge of all these experiments, that he makes all those within his reach, and that he finds the others by induction. But I prefer a hundred times over his being ignorant of them to your having to tell them to him.

We have an organ which corresponds to hearing—namely, the voice. We do not similarly have one which corresponds to sight; and we do not transmit colors as we do sounds. This is one more means to cultivate the former sense, by using the active organ and the passive organ to exercise one another reciprocally.

Man has three kinds of voice—the speaking or articulate voice, the singing or melodic voice, and the passionate or accentuated voice, which serves as language to the passions and which animates song and word. The child has these three kinds of voice as does the man, but without knowing how to join them in the same way. He has, as we do, laughter, cries, groans, exclamations, wailing; but he does not know

how to blend their inflections with the two other voices. A perfect music is one which best brings together these three voices. Children are incapable of this music, and their singing never has soul. Similarly, in the spoken voice their language has no accent. They shout, but they do not accentuate; and as there is little energy in their speech, there is little accent in their voice. Our pupil will speak even more plainly and simply, because his passions, not yet awakened, will not blend their language with his. Therefore, do not go giving him roles from tragedy and comedy to recite, or wish to teach him, as they say, to declaim. He will have too much sense to know how to give a tone to things he cannot understand or to give expression to feelings he never experienced.

Teach him to speak plainly and clearly, to articulate well, to pronounce exactly and without affectation, to know and follow grammatical accent and prosody, always to employ enough voice to be heard but never to employ more than is required, a defect common in children raised in colleges. In all things, nothing superfluous.

Similarly in singing, make his voice exact, even, flexible, resonant, his ear sensitive to rhythm and harmony, but nothing more. Imitative and theatrical music is not for his age. I would not even want him to sing words. If he wanted to, I would try to write songs especially for him, interesting for his age and as simple as his ideas.

It can well be believed that as I am in so little hurry to teach him to read writing, I will not be in a hurry to teach him to read music either. Let us set aside an effort of attention too great for his brain and not rush to fix his mind on conventional signs. This, I admit, seems to involve a difficulty, for although the knowledge of notes does not at first appear more necessary for knowing how to sing than does knowledge of letters for knowing how to speak, there is, however, this difference: in speaking we transmit our own ideas, while in singing we transmit hardly anything but others' ideas. Now, to transmit them, one must read them.

But in the first place, instead of reading them, one can hear them, and a song is transmitted with even more fidelity to the ear than to the eye. Moreover, in order to know music well, it does not suffice to transmit it; it is necessary to compose it. The one ought to be learned with the other; otherwise one never knows music well. Train your little musician at first in making very regular, very well-cadenced phrases; then in connecting them together by a very simple modulation; finally, in marking their different relations by correct punctuation, which is done by the good choice of cadences and rests. Above all, never a bizarre song, never a passionate one, and never an expressive one. Always a lilting and simple melody, always deriving from the key's basic notes, and always emphasizing the bass so much that he feels it and can accompany it without difficulty; for, to form the voice and the ear, he ought to sing only with the harpsichord.

To mark the sounds better, one articulates them by pronouncing them; hence, the practice of sol-faing with certain syllables. To distinguish the degrees of the scale, one must give names both to them and to the fixed starting points of the different scales; hence the names of the intervals and also the letters of the alphabet with which the

keys of the harpsichord and the notes of the scale are marked. C and A designate fixed, invariable sounds, which are always produced by the same harpsichord keys. *Do* and *la* are something else. *Do* is without exception the tonic of a major mode or the mediant of a minor mode. *La* is without exception the tonic of a minor mode or the sixth of a major mode. Thus the letters mark the immutable terms of our musical system's relations, and the syllables mark the homologous terms of the similar relations in the various keys. The letters indicate the harpsichord's keys, and the syllables, the degrees of the mode. French musicians have strangely mixed up these distinctions. They have confused the meaning of the syllables with the meaning of the letters, and by uselessly doubling the designations of the keys, they have not left any to express the degrees of the scale; so that for them *do* and C are always the same thing, which they are not and should not be, for then what would be the use of C? Thus their way of sol-faing is excessively difficult without being of any use and without presenting any distinct idea to the mind, since by this method the two syllables *do* and *mi*, for example, can equally signify a major, minor, augmented or diminished third. By what strange fatality is the country where the finest books in the world on music are written precisely the one where music is learned with most difficulty? [70]

Let us follow a simpler and clearer practice with our pupil. Let there be for him only two modes, the relations of which are always the same and always indicated by the same syllables. Whether he sings or plays an instrument, let him know how to build his mode on each of the twelve notes that can be used as its base; and, whether one is in the key of D, C, G, etc., let the last note always be *do* or *la* according to the mode. In this way he will always comprehend you, the mode's essential relations for singing and playing in tune will always be present to his mind, and his execution will be more accurate and his progress more rapid. There is nothing more bizarre than what the French call sol-faing naturally. This separates the ideas from the thing and substitutes for them ideas alien to it that are only misleading. Nothing is more natural than to transpose when one sol-fas, if the mode is transposed. But this is too much about music. Teach it as you wish, provided that it is never anything but play.

Now we are well informed about the character of foreign bodies in relation to our own, about their weight, shape, color, solidity, size, distance, temperature, rest, and motion. We are informed about those it is suitable for us to be near or to keep at a distance, about the way we have to go about overcoming their resistance or setting up a resistance against them which keeps us from being injured. But that is not enough. Our own body is constantly being used up and needs constantly to be renewed. Although we have the faculty of changing other bodies into our own substance, the choice among them is not a matter of indifference. Everything is not food for man; and, of the substances which can be, there are ones more or less suitable for him according to the constitution of his species, according to the climate he inhabits, according to his individual temperament, and according to the way of life prescribed to him by his station.

We would die of hunger or be poisoned if, to choose the nourishment suitable to us, we had to wait until experience had taught us to know it and choose it. But the supreme goodness, which has made the pleasure of beings capable of sensation the instrument of their preservation, informs us what suits our stomach by what pleases our palate. Naturally there is no doctor surer for man than his own appetite; and, regarding its primitive state, I do not doubt that the foods it then found most pleasant were also the healthiest.

What is more, the Author of things provides not only for the needs He gives us but also for those we give ourselves; and it is in order to place desire always at the side of need that He causes our tastes to change and be modified with our ways of life. The farther we are removed from the state of nature, the more we lose our natural tastes; or, rather, habit gives us a second nature that we substitute for the first to such an extent that none of us knows this first nature any more.

It follows from this that the most natural tastes ought also to be the simplest, for it is they which are most easily transformed; while by being sharpened and inflamed by our whims, they get a form which can no longer be changed. The man who is not yet of any country will adapt himself without difficulty to the practices of any country whatsoever, but the man of one country can no longer become the man of another.

This appears true to me in every sense, and still more so when applied to taste strictly speaking. Our first food is milk. We get accustomed to strong flavors only by degrees; at first they are repugnant to us. Fruits, vegetables, herbs, and finally some meats grilled without seasoning and without salt constituted the feasts of the first men.* The first time a savage drinks wine, he grimaces and throws it away; and even among us whoever has lived to twenty without tasting fermented liquors can no longer accustom himself to them. We would all be abstemious if we had not been given wine in our early years. In sum, the simpler our tastes, the more universal they are. The most common repugnances are to composite dishes. Has anyone ever been seen to have a disgust for water or bread? That is the trace left by nature; that is, therefore, also our rule. Let us preserve in the child his primary taste as much as is possible. Let his nourishment be common and simple; let his palate get acquainted only with bland flavors and not be formed to an exclusive taste.

I am not investigating here whether this way of life is healthier or not; that is not the way I am looking at it. For me to prefer it, it suffices to know that it conforms most to nature and is the one most easily adaptable to every other. Those who say that children must be accustomed to the foods they will use when grown do not reason well, it seems to me. Why should their nourishment be the same while their way of life is so different? A man exhausted by work, cares, and sorrows needs succulent foods which carry new spirits to the brain. A child who has just frolicked, and whose body is growing, needs abundant nourishment which will produce a lot of chyle for him. Moreover, the

* See the *Arcadia* of Pausanias;[71] see also the passage from Plutarch transcribed hereafter.

mature man already has his station, his work, and his domicile. But who can be sure what fortune reserves for the child? In everything let us not give him a form so determined that it costs him too much to change it in case of need. Let us not make it so that he will die of hunger in other countries if he is not everywhere attended by a French cook, or that he will say one day that only in France do they know how to eat. That is, parenthetically, amusing praise! As for me, on the contrary, I would say it is only the French who do not know how to eat, since so special an art is required to make dishes edible for them.

Of our various sensations taste provides those which generally affect us most. Thus we are interested more in having good judgment about substances which are going to be a part of our own substance than we are about those which are only around it. Countless things are indifferent to touch, to hearing, to sight. But there is almost nothing indifferent to taste. What is more, the activity of this sense is entirely physical and material; it is the only one which says nothing to the imagination, or at least it is the one into whose sensations the imagination enters least, whereas imitation and imagination often mix something moral with the impression of all the others. Thus, tender and voluptuous hearts, passionate and truly sensitive characters, easily moved by the other senses, are generally lukewarm about this one. From this very fact, which seems to put taste beneath them and to make more contemptible the inclination that delivers us to it, I would conclude, on the contrary, that the most suitable means for governing children is to lead them by their mouths. The motive of gluttony is in particular preferable to that of vanity, in that the former is an appetite of nature, immediately dependent on sense, while the latter is a work of opinion subject to the caprice of men and to all sorts of abuses. Gluttony is the passion of childhood. This passion does not hold out in the face of any other. At the least competition, it disappears. Oh, believe me! The child will only too soon stop thinking about what he eats, and when his heart is too occupied, his palate will hardly occupy him. When he is grown, countless impetuous sentiments will sidetrack gluttony and will only inflame vanity, for this latter passion alone profits from the others and in the end swallows them all up. I have sometimes examined these people who gave importance to delicacies, who thought on awaking of what they would eat during the day, and described a meal with more exactness than Polybius puts into the description of a battle. I found that all these pretended men were only forty-year-old children without vigor or solidity. *Fruges consumere nati.*[72] Gluttony is the vice of hearts that have no substance. A glutton's soul is all in his palate; it is made only for eating. In his stupid incapacity he is only at home at the table. He only knows how to judge dishes. Let us leave him this employment without regret. It is better—as much for us as for him—that he have this one than another.

To fear that gluttony will take root in a child capable of something is a small-minded concern. In childhood one thinks only about what one eats. In adolescence one thinks about it no more. Anything is good for us, and we have much other business. I would not, however, want us to go and make indiscriminate use of so low an incentive or bolster

the honor of doing a fair deed with a delicacy. But since all of childhood is or ought to be only games and frolicsome play, I do not see why there should not be for purely corporeal exercises a prize which is material and speaks only to the senses. When a little Majorcan, seeing a basket on top of a tree, knocks it down with a slingshot, is it not entirely just that he get the profit from it, and that a good lunch make up for the strength he used in getting it? * When a young Spartan, at the risk of a hundred lashes of the whip, slips skillfully into a kitchen, steals a live fox cub, and, in carrying it under his robe, is scratched by it, bitten, made bloody; when, so as not to be shamed by being found out, the child lets his entrails be torn up without frowning, without letting out a single cry, is it not just that finally he profit from his prey and eat it after having been eaten by it? A good meal ought never to be a reward, but why should it not be the result of the care taken in getting it for oneself? Emile does not regard the cake I put on the stone as the prize for having run well. He knows only that the sole means of having this cake is to get there sooner than somebody else.

This does not contradict the maxims I advanced just now on the simplicity of food; for, to gratify children's appetites, there is no need to arouse their sensuality but only a need to satisfy it. And that can be done by the most common things in the world, if one does not work at refining children's tastes. Their constant appetite, aroused by the need to grow, is a reliable seasoning which takes the place for them of many others. Fruits, dairy products, some baked thing a bit more delicate than ordinary bread, and, above all, the art of dispensing it all soberly —with these, armies of children can be led to the ends of the earth without being given the taste for vivid flavors and without their palates becoming blasé.

One of the proofs that the taste for meat is not natural to man is the indifference that children have for that kind of food and the preference they all give to vegetable foods, such as dairy products, pastry, fruits, etc. It is, above all, important not to denature this primitive taste and make children carnivorous. If this is not for their health, it is for their character; for, however one explains the experience, it is certain that great eaters of meat are in general more cruel and ferocious than other men. This is observed in all places and all times. English barbarism is known; † the Zoroastrians, on the contrary, are the gentlest of men.‡ All savages are cruel, and it is not their morals which cause them to be so. This cruelty comes from their food. They go to war as to the hunt and treat men like bears. Even in England butchers are not accepted as witnesses, and neither are surgeons.[74] Great villains harden themselves to murder by drinking blood. Homer makes the Cyclopes, eaters of human flesh, horrible, while he makes the lotus-eaters a peo-

* The Majorcans lost this practice many years ago. It belongs to the time when their slingers were famous.

† I know that the English greatly vaunt their humanity and the good nature of their nation; they call themselves "good-natured people"; but however much they may shout that, no one repeats it after them.

‡ The Banians who abstain from all meat more strictly than the Gaures are almost as gentle as the Gaures are; but since their morality is less pure and their religion less reasonable, they are not so decent.[75]

ple so lovable that, as soon as one had any dealings with them, one even forgot one's own country to live with them.[75]

You ask me why [said Plutarch] Pythagoras abstained from eating the flesh of animals? But I ask you, on the contrary, was it a courage appropriate to men that possessed the first one who brought his mouth to wounded flesh, who used his teeth to break the bones of an expiring animal, who had dead bodies—cadavers—served to him, and swallowed up in his stomach parts which a moment before bleated, lowed, walked, and saw? How could his hand have plunged a knife into the heart of a feeling being? How could his eyes have endured a murder? How could he see a poor, defenseless animal bled, skinned, and dismembered? How could he endure the sight of quivering flesh? How did the smell not make him sick to his stomach? How was he not disgusted, repulsed, horrified, when he went to handle the excrement from these wounds, to clean the blood, black and congealed, which covered them?

> The skins, stripped off, crawled on the earth;
> The flesh, on the spit, lowed in the fire;
> Man could not eat them without a shudder;
> And in his breast heard them moan.[76]

This is what he must have imagined and felt the first time that he overcame nature to make this horrible meal, the first time that he was hungry for a living animal, that he wanted to feed on an animal which was still grazing, and that he said how the ewe who licked his hands was to be slaughtered, cut up, and cooked. It is by those who began these cruel feasts, and not by those who gave them up, that one ought to be surprised. And yet these first men could justify their barbarism with excuses which we lack and whose absence makes us a hundred times more barbarous than they.

"Mortals, well-loved of the Gods," these first men would say to us, "compare the times. See how happy you are and how miserable we were. The earth, newly formed, and the air, laden with vapors, were not yet willing to submit to the order of the seasons. The uncertain course of rivers caused them constantly to overflow their banks; pools, lakes, and deep marshes inundated three-quarters of the earth's surface. The other quarter was covered with sterile woods and forests. The earth produced no good fruits. We had no plowing instruments; we were ignorant of the art of using them; and harvest time never came for him who had sowed nothing. Thus hunger never left us. In winter, moss and the bark of trees were our ordinary dishes. Some green roots of couch grass and heather were a banquet for us; and when men were able to find beechnuts, walnuts, or acorns, they danced for joy around a chestnut or a beech to the sound of some rustic song, calling the earth their nurse and mother. This was their only festival; these their only games. All the rest of human life was only pain, effort, and want.

"Finally when the earth, stripped and naked, had nothing more to

offer us, we were forced to violate nature to preserve ourselves and ate the companions of our want rather than perish with them. But you, cruel men, who forces you to shed blood? See what an abundance of goods surrounds you! How many fruits the earth produces for you! What riches the fields and the vines give you! How many animals offer you their milk for your nourishment and their fleece for your clothing! What more do you ask of them; what rage brings you, sated with goods and overflowing with victuals, to commit so many murders? Why do you lie about our mother by accusing her of not being able to feed you? Why do you sin against Ceres, inventress of the holy laws, and against gracious Bacchus, consoler of men, as if their prodigal gifts were not sufficient for the preservation of humankind? How do you have the heart to mix bones with their sweet fruits on your tables and to drink along with milk the blood of the animals who give it to you? The panthers and the lions that you call ferocious animals follow their instinct perforce and kill other animals to live. But you, a hundred times more ferocious than they, you combat instinct without necessity in order to abandon yourselves to your cruel delights. The animals you eat are not those which eat others. You do not eat these carnivorous beasts; you imitate them. You are hungry only for innocent and gentle animals who do no harm to anyone, who become attached to you, who serve you, and whom you devour as a reward for their services.

"O murderer against nature, if you insist on maintaining that nature made you to devour your kind, beings of flesh and bone, feeling and living like you, then smother the horror of these frightful meals it inspires in you. Kill the animals yourself—I mean with your own hands, without iron tools, without knives. Tear them apart with your nails, as do lions and bears. Bite this cow and rip him to pieces; plunge your claws in its skin. Eat this lamb alive; devour its still warm flesh; drink its soul with its blood. You shudder? You do not dare to feel living flesh palpitating in your teeth? Pitiful man! You begin by killing the animal; and then you eat it, as if to make it die twice. This is not enough. The dead flesh is still repugnant to you; your entrails cannot take it. It has to be transformed by fire, to be boiled or roasted, and to be seasoned with drugs disguising it. You have to have butchers, cooks, and roasters, people to take away the horror of the murder and dress up dead bodies so that the sense of taste, fooled by these disguises, does not reject what is alien to it and savors with pleasure cadavers whose sight even the eye would have difficulty bearing!" [77]

Although this passage is foreign to my subject, I was not able to resist the temptation to transcribe it; and I believe that few readers will be annoyed with me for it.

In any event, whatever diet you give to children—provided that you accustom them only to common and simple dishes—let them eat, run, and play as much as they please, and be sure that they will never eat too much and will have no indigestion. But if you starve them half the time, and they find the means of escaping your vigilance, they will

compensate themselves with all their might, they will eat to the point of overflowing, of exploding. Our appetite is immoderate only because we want to give it other rules than those of nature. Always regulating, prescribing, adding, subtracting, we do nothing without weighing it on a scale. But this scale measures our whims and not our stomachs. I always go back to my examples. In peasants' homes the bread and fruit bins are always open, and the children as well as the men there do not know what indigestion is.

If it came to pass, nevertheless, that a child ate too much (which I do not believe possible by my method), it is so easy to distract him with entertainments to his taste that one might succeed in exhausting him from starvation without his thinking about it. How do means so sure and easy escape all teachers? Herodotus tells how the Lydians, hard pressed by an extreme famine, got the idea of inventing games and other diversions with which they deceived their hunger and spent entire days without thinking of eating.* [78] Your learned teachers have perhaps read this passage a hundred times without seeing how it can be applied to children. Someone among them will perhaps tell me that a child does not willingly leave his dinner to go and study his lessons. Master, you are right. I was not thinking of that kind of entertainment.

The sense of smell is to taste what sight is to touch. It anticipates taste and informs it about how this or that substance is going to affect it and disposes one to seek it or flee it according to the impression that one has received of it in advance. I have heard that savages have a sense of smell which is affected quite otherwise than ours and judge good and bad smells quite differently. As for me, I can certainly believe it. Smells by themselves are weak sensations. They move the imagination more than the sense and affect us not so much by fulfillment as by expectation. On this assumption the tastes of some, having become so different from the tastes of others due to their ways of life, must cause them to make contrary judgments about tastes and consequently about the smells which announce them. A Tartar must catch the scent of a stinking quarter of a dead horse with as much pleasure as one of our hunters catches the scent of a half-rotten partridge.

Men who walk too much to like strolling and who do not work enough to make a voluptuous experience out of rest ought to be insensitive to our idle sensations, such as enjoying the odor of garden flowers. People who are always famished would not know how to get great pleasure from fragrances which announce nothing to eat.

Smell is the sense of imagination. Keying up the nerves, it must agitate the brain a good deal. This is why it revives the temperament for a moment and exhausts it in the long run. Its effects are known well enough in love. The sweet fragrance of a dressing room is not so weak a trap as is thought; and I know not whether one ought to congratulate

* The ancient historians are filled with views which one could use even if the facts which present them were false. But we do not know how to get any true advantage from history. Critical erudition absorbs everything, as if it were very important whether a fact is true, provided that a useful teaching can be drawn from it. Sensible men ought to regard history as a tissue of fables whose moral is very appropriate to the human heart.

or pity that prudent and insensitive man who has never been made to quiver by the smell of the flowers on his beloved's bosom.

Smell must not be very active in the first age, when imagination, as yet animated by few passions, is hardly susceptible to emotion, and when we do not have enough experience to foresee with one sense what is promised to it by another sense. Indeed, this conclusion is perfectly confirmed by observation; and it is certain that the sense of smell is still obtuse and almost numb in most children. Not that the sensation is not as sharp in them as in men—and perhaps more so—but because, not joining to it any other idea, they are not easily affected by a sentiment of pleasure or pain in connection with it and are neither charmed nor offended by it as we are. I believe that without going beyond the same method and without having recourse to the comparative anatomy of the two sexes, it would be easy to find the reason why women in general are more intensely affected by smells than men.

It is said that Canadian savages, from their youth on, make their sense of smell so subtle that, although they have dogs, they do not deign to use them in the hunt and act as their own dogs. I can indeed conceive that, if children were raised to catch wind of their dinner as a dog catches wind of game, one could perhaps succeed in perfecting their sense of smell to the same degree. But, at bottom, I do not see that it is possible to gain anything very useful for them from the exercise of this sense, unless it is by making known to them its relations with the sense of taste. Nature has taken care to force us to become well acquainted with these relations. It has made the action of the sense of taste almost inseparable from that of the sense of smell by making their organs adjacent and placing in the mouth an immediate communication between the two, so that we taste nothing without smelling it. I would only want that these natural relations not be changed—for example, that a child be deceived by covering the bitterness of a medicine with a pleasant aroma, for the discord between the two senses is then too great to be able to fool him. The more active sense absorbs the effect of the other one, and he does not take the medicine with less distaste. This distaste is extended to all the sensations which strike him at the same time. In the presence of the weaker one his imagination also recalls the other to him. A very sweet fragrance is now to him only a disgusting smell; and it is thus that our indiscriminate precautions increase the sum of unpleasant sensations at the expense of pleasant ones.

It remains for me to speak in the following books of the cultivation of a sort of sixth sense called *common sense*, less because it is common to all men than because it results from the well-regulated use of the other senses, and because it instructs us about the nature of things by the conjunction of all their appearances. This sixth sense has consequently no special organ. It resides only in the brain, and its sensations, purely internal, are called *perceptions* or *ideas*. It is by the number of these ideas that the extent of our knowledge is measured. It is their distinctness, their clarity which constitutes the accuracy of the mind. It is the art of comparing them among themselves that is called

human reason. Thus what I would call *sensual* or *childish* reason consists in forming simple ideas by the conjunction of several sensations, and what I call *intellectual* or *human reason* consists in forming complex ideas by the conjunction of several simple ideas.

Supposing, then, that my method is that of nature, and that I did not make mistakes in its application, we have led our pupil through the land of sensations up to the boundaries of childish reason. The first step we are going to make beyond these boundaries has to be a man's step. But before entering upon this new career, let us for a moment cast our eyes back over the one we have just completed. Each age, each condition of life, has its suitable perfection, a sort of maturity proper to it. We have often heard of a mature man, but let us consider a mature child. This spectacle will be newer for us and will perhaps be no less pleasant.

The existence of finite beings is so poor and so limited that when we see only what is, we are never moved. Chimeras adorn real objects; and if imagination does not add a charm to what strikes us, the sterile pleasure one takes in it is limited to the perceiving organ and always leaves the heart cold. The earth adorned with autumn's treasures displays a richness that the eye admires; but this admiration is not touching; it comes more from reflection than from sentiment. In spring the countryside, almost naked, is not yet covered with anything, the trees provide no shade, the green is only beginning to peep out, and the heart is touched by its aspect. In seeing nature thus reborn, one feels revived oneself. The image of pleasure surrounds us. Those companions of voluptousness, those sweet tears always ready to join with every delicious sentiment, are already on the edge of our eyelids. But though the aspect of the grape harvests may very well be animated, lively, pleasant, one always sees it with a dry eye.

Why this difference? It is that imagination joins to the spectacle of spring that of the seasons which are going to follow it. To these tender buds that the eye perceives imagination adds the flowers, the fruits, the shadows, and sometimes the mysteries they can cover. It concentrates in a single moment the times which are going to follow one another, and sees objects less as they will be than as it desires them because it is free to choose them. In autumn, on the contrary, one can only see what is. If one wants to get to spring, winter stops us, and imagination, frozen, expires on the snow and frost.

Such is the source of the charm one finds in contemplating a fair childhood in preference to the perfection of a ripe age. When is it that we taste a true pleasure in seeing a man? It is when the memory of his actions causes us to go back over his life and rejuvenates him, so to speak, in our eyes. If we are reduced to considering him as he is or to supposing what he will be in his old age, the idea of nature declining effaces all our pleasure. There is none in seeing a man advance with great steps toward his grave, and the image of death makes everything ugly.

But when I represent to myself a child between ten and twelve, vigorous and well formed for his age, he does not cause the birth of a single idea in me which is not pleasant either for the present or for

the future. I see him bubbling, lively, animated, without gnawing cares, without long and painful foresight, whole in his present being, and enjoying a fullness of life which seems to want to extend itself beyond him. I foresee him at another age exercising the senses, the mind, and the strength which is developing in him day by day, new signs of which he gives every moment. I contemplate the child, and he pleases me. I imagine him as a man, and he pleases me more. His ardent blood seems to reheat mine. I believe I am living his life, and his vivacity rejuvenates me.

The hour sounds. What a change! Instantly his eyes cloud over; his gaiety is effaced. Goodbye, joy! Goodbye, frolicsome games! A severe and angry man takes him by the hand, says to him gravely, "Let us go, sir," and takes him away. In the room into which they go I catch a glimpse of books. Books! What sad furnishings for his age! The poor child lets himself be pulled along, turns a regretful eye on all that surrounds him, becomes silent, and leaves, his eyes swollen with tears he does not dare to shed, and his heart great with sighs he does not dare to breathe.

O you who have nothing of the kind to fear; you for whom no time of life is a time of constraint and of boredom; you who see the day come without disquiet, the night without impatience, and count the hours only by your pleasures—come my happy, my lovable pupil, console us by your presence for the departure of that unfortunate boy, come . . . He comes, and I feel at his approach a movement of joy which I see him share. It is his friend, his comrade, it is the companion of his games whom he approaches. He is quite sure on seeing me that he will not for long remain without entertainment. We never depend on one another, but we always agree, and with no one else are we so well off as we are together.

His figure, his bearing, his countenance proclaim assurance and contentment; health shines from his face; his firm steps give him an air of vigor; his complexion, still delicate without being washed out, has no effeminate softness; the air and the sun have already put on it the honorable imprint of his sex; his muscles, still rounded, begin to show some signs of their nascent features; his eyes, which are not yet animated by the fire of sentiment, at least have all their native * serenity; long sorrows have not darkened them; unending tears have not lined his cheeks. See in his movements, quick but sure, the vivacity of his age, the firmness of independence, and the experience of much exercise. His aspect is open and free but not insolent or vain. His face, which has not been glued to books, does not fall toward his stomach; there is no need to say to him, "Lift your head." Neither shame nor fear ever caused him to lower it.

Let us make him a place in the midst of the assemblage. Gentlemen, examine him, interrogate him confidently. Do not fear his importunities, or his chatter, or his indiscreet questions. Have no fear that he take you over, that he claim all your attention for himself alone, and that you will not be able to get rid of him.

* *Natia.* I use this word in an Italian sense for want of finding a synonym for it in French. If I am wrong, it is unimportant, provided I am understood.[79]

Do not expect, either, agreeable remarks from him or that he tell you what I have dictated to him. Expect only the naïve and simple truth, unadorned, unaffected, without vanity. He will tell you the bad thing he has done or thinks just as freely as the good, without worrying in any way about the effect on you of what he has said. He will use speech with all the simplicity present in its first founding.

One likes to augur well of children; and one always regrets that stream of ineptitudes that almost always comes to overturn the hopes one would like to found on some lucky observation which falls by chance into their mouths. If my pupil rarely gives such hopes, he will never give this regret, for he never says a useless word and does not exhaust himself with a chatter to which he knows no one listens. His ideas are limited but distinct. If he knows nothing by heart, he knows much by experience. If he reads less well in our books than does another child, he reads better in the book of nature. His mind is not in his tongue but in his head. He has less memory than judgment. He knows how to speak only one language, but he understands what he says; and if what he says he does not say so well as others, to compensate for that, what he does, he does better than they do.

He does not know what routine, custom, or habit is. What he did yesterday does not influence what he does today.* He never follows a formula, does not give way before authority or example, and acts and speaks only as it suits him. So do not expect from him dictated speeches or studied manners, but always the faithful expression of his ideas and the conduct born of his inclinations.

You find in him a small number of moral notions which relate to his present condition, none concerning men's relative condition. Of what use would these latter be to him, since a child is not yet an active member of society? Speak to him of freedom, of property, even of convention: he can know something up to that point. He knows why what is his is his and why what is not his is not his. Beyond this he knows nothing. Speak to him of duty, of obedience: he does not know what you mean. Give him some command: he will not understand you. But tell him, "If you do me such and such a favor, I will return it when the occasion arises," and he will immediately be eager to gratify you, for he asks for nothing better than to extend his domain and to acquire rights over you that he knows to be inviolable. Perhaps he even finds it not disagreeable to have a position, to be a part, to count for something. But if this last is his motive, he has already left nature, and you have not closed tightly all the gates of vanity ahead of time.

On his side, if he needs some assistance, he will ask for it from the first person he meets without distinction. He would ask for it from the king as from his lackey. All men are still equal in his eyes. You see by

* The appeal of habit comes from the laziness natural to man, and that laziness increases in abandoning onself to habit. One does more easily what one has already done; the trail once blazed becomes easier to follow. Thus it is to be observed that the empire of habit is very great over the aged and the indolent, very small over the young and the lively. This way of life is good only for weak souls and weakens them more from day to day. The only habit useful to children is to subject themselves without difficulty to the necessity of things, and the only habit useful to men is to subject themselves without difficuly to reason. Every other habit is a vice.

the way in which he makes a request that he is aware that he is owed nothing. He knows that what he asks is a favor; he also knows that humanity inclines toward according it. His expressions are simple and laconic. His voice, his look, and his gesture are those of a being accustomed equally to compliance and refusal. This is neither the crawling and servile submission of a slave nor the imperious accent of a master. It is a modest confidence in his fellow man; it is the noble and touching gentleness of a free but sensitive and weak being who implores the assistance of a being who is free but strong and beneficent. If you grant him what he asks of you, he will not thank you, but he will feel that he has contracted a debt. If you refuse it to him, he will not complain; he will not insist. He knows that would be useless. He will not say to himself, "I have been refused," but he will say, "It was impossible." And as I have already said, one hardly rebels against well-recognized necessity.

Leave him alone at liberty. Watch him act without saying anything to him. Consider what he will do and how he will go about it. Having no need to prove to himself that he is free, he never does anything from giddiness and solely to perform an act of power over himself. Does he not know that he is always master of himself? He is alert, light, quick, and his movements have all the vivacity of his age, but you do not see one of them which does not have an end. Whatever he wants to do, he will never undertake anything beyond his strength, for he has tested it well and knows it. His means are always appropriate to his designs, and rarely will he act without being assured of success. He will have an attentive and judicious eye. He will not stupidly question others about everything he sees, but he will examine it himself and will tire himself out to discover what he wants to learn before asking. If he gets in unforeseen difficulties, he will be less disturbed than another; if there is risk, he will also be less frightened. Since his imagination still remains inactive, and nothing has been done to animate it, he sees only what is, estimates dangers only at what they are worth, and always keeps his composure. Necessity weighs heavy on him too often for him still to baulk at it. He bears its yoke from his birth. Now he is well accustomed to it. He is always ready for anything.

Whether he is busy or playing, it is all the same to him. His games are his business, and he is aware of no difference. He brings to whatever he does an interest which makes people laugh and a freedom which pleases them, thereby showing at once the turn of his mind and the sphere of his knowledge. Is this not the spectacle appropriate to this age, the charming and sweet spectacle of seeing a pretty child with an eye that is lively and gay, a manner contented and serene, a face open and laughing, doing the most serious things at play or profoundly busy with the most frivolous entertainments?

Do you now want to judge him by comparisons? Let him mix with other children and do as he pleases. You will soon see which is the most truly formed, which best approaches the perfection of his age. Among the city children none is more adroit than he, but he is stronger than any other. Among young peasants he is their equal in strength and surpasses them in skill. Concerning all that is within the reach of child-

hood he judges, reasons, and foresees better than all of them. Is there a matter involving action, running, jumping, moving bodies, lifting masses, estimating distances, inventing games, winning prizes? One would say nature is at his command, so easily does he know how to bend everything to his will. He is made for guiding, for governing his equals. Talent and experience take the place for him of right and authority. Clothe and name him as you please. It is not important. Everywhere he will be first, everywhere he will become the chief of the others. They will always sense his superiority over them. Without wanting to command, he will be the master; without believing they are obeying, they will obey.

He has come to the maturity of childhood. He has lived a child's life. He has not purchased his perfection at the expense of his happiness; on the contrary, they have cooperated with each other. In acquiring all the reason belonging to his age, he has been happy and free to the extent his constitution permits him. If the fatal scythe comes to harvest the flower of our hopes in him, we shall not have to lament his life and his death at the same time. We shall not embitter our sorrows with the memory of those we caused him. We shall say to ourselves, "At least he enjoyed his childhood. We did not make him lose anything that nature had given him."

The great difficulty with this first education is that it is perceptible only to clear-sighted men and that in a child raised with so much care, vulgar eyes see only a little rascal. A preceptor thinks of his own interest more than of his disciple's. He is devoted to proving that he is not wasting his time and that he is earning the money he is paid. He provides the child with some easily displayed attainments that can be showed off when wanted. It is not important whether what he teaches the child is useful, provided that it is easily seen. He accumulates, without distinction or discernment, a rubbish heap in the child's memory. When the child is to be examined, he is made to spread out his merchandise. He displays it; satisfaction is obtained. Then he closes up his pack again and leaves. My pupil is not so rich. He has no pack to spread out. He has nothing to show other than himself. Now, a child, no more than a man, is not to be seen in a moment. Where are the observers who know how to grasp at first glance the traits which characterize him? Such observers exist, but they are few; and in a hundred thousand fathers not one of them will be found.

Too many questions bore and repulse everyone, and children even more so. At the end of a few minutes their attention wanders; they no longer listen to what an obstinate questioner asks them and respond only at random. This way of examining them is vain and pedantic; often a word caught in midflight depicts their bent and their mind better than a long speech would. But care must be taken that this word is neither dictated nor fortuitous. One must have a great deal of judgment oneself to appreciate a child's.

I heard the late Lord Hyde tell the story of one of his friends who, returning from Italy after three-years absence, wanted to examine his nine- or ten-year-old son's progress. They went for a walk one evening with the boy and his governor in a field where schoolboys were playing

at flying kites. The father asked his son, in passing, "Where is the kite whose shadow is here?" Without hesitation, without lifting his head, the child said, "Over the highway." "And, indeed," added Lord Hyde, "the highway was between us and the sun." The father at this response kissed his son and, leaving his examination at that, went away without saying anything. The next day he sent the governor the title to a lifetime pension in addition to his salary.

What a man that father was, and what a son was promised him! The question suits his age precisely; the response is quite simple. But see what it implies about the incisiveness of the child's judgment! It is thus that Aristotle's pupil tamed that famous steed which no horseman had been able to break.[80]

End of the Second Book

BOOK II

1. Valerius Maximus *Memorable Sayings and Deeds* I vi 5. The French *enfant* means both infant and child.

2. The success of medicine, particularly in the last forty years and with respect to infant mortality, is the change since Rousseau wrote which would seem most to undermine his arguments. (Cf. p. 362, note.) But it should be observed that he uses this statistic to support a point which could be argued without it. Here Rousseau makes use of the high death rate among children to lend rhetorical support to the deeper argument against the teleologies of the afterlife and of adulthood. That argument in turn goes to the heart of his teaching concerning the tension between nature and society and the connection of the aforementioned teleologies with society.

3. Quoted in Aulus Gellius *Attic Nights* IX 8: "It is not possible for the man who needs fifteen thousand coats to need less than that number; thus when I need more than I have, I subtract from what I have and am content with what I have."

4. Rousseau added the following note for the later edition: "It is understood that I speak here of men who reflect, and not of all men."

5. Cf. p. 442 below.

6. Plutarch *Themistocles* XVIII 5.

7. I, note 31 above.

8. For the state of nature, cf. *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality* in R. Masters, ed., *The Discourses* (New York: St. Martin's 1964), or *O.C.* III. Of all Rousseau's works it is probably the one that is most important for *Emile*.

9. This is the second title of the *Social Contract*. See note 10 below.

10. For the general and particular wills, cf. *Social Contract* I 6–8.

11. Cf. pp. 67–68 above.

12. *Leviathan* XIV; *de Cive* X.

13. Herodotus *Histories* VII 35; Plutarch *On the Control of Anger* 455D–E. Cf. Homer *Iliad* XXI 130–132, 212–226, 322ff.; Plato *Republic* III 391A–B.

14. Roussseau implies that monarchy is the political version of perverse infancy. Hobbes in *de Cive* X, just referred to by Rousseau (cf. note 12 above), defends monarchy in spite of the possibility of infant rulers. This point in the education is a fundamental response to Hobbes' political thought.

15. Locke, *Some Thoughts*, in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings*, end of paragraph 80, and paragraph 81.

16. In the original sense of *learned* men.

17. This is the first discussion of *amour-propre* in *Emile*. It is the central term in

Rousseau's psychology and will remain untranslated throughout. Ordinarily, in its non-"extended sense," it would be translated by vanity or pride, but it is a word too full of nuance and too important for *Emile* not to be defined contextually and revealed in its full subtlety. It is usually opposed to *amour de soi*. Both expressions mean *self-love*. Rousseau, instead of opposing love of self to love of others, opposes two kinds of self-love, a good and bad form. Thus without abandoning the view of modern political philosophy that man is primarily concerned with himself—particularly his own preservation—he is enabled to avoid Hobbes' conclusion that men, as a result of their selfishness, are necessarily in competition with one another. His earliest statement on this issue—the foundation of his argument that man is naturally good—is *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality*, note XV: "*Amour-propre* and *amour de soi*, two passions very different in their nature and their effects, must not be confused. Love of oneself is a natural sentiment which inclines every animal to watch over its own preservation, and which directed in man by reason and modified by pity, produces humanity and virtue. *Amour-propre* is only a relative sentiment, artificial, and born in society, which inclines each individual to have a greater esteem for himself than for anyone else, inspires in all the harm they do to one another, and is the true source of honor." In this passage of *Emile* Rousseau is emphasizing the original unity of self-love which is lost in relations with other men.

18. It should be remembered that paradox means *apparent* contradiction, or contradiction of *common opinion*, not self-contradiction. Rousseau, who is reputed as the philosopher of paradox, actually only follows Socrates in this. Cf. Plato *Republic* V.

19. The pervasiveness of the theme of anger should cause one to think back on the book from which Rousseau drew the epigraph for *Emile*, Seneca's *On Anger*. Cf. Plutarch *On the Control of Anger* 455E–456F.

20. This reproduces the teaching of modern natural right as first formulated by Hobbes (*Leviathan* XIV). Rights precede duties, the latter are derivative from the former, and the primary natural right is to seek the means of preservation.

21. This is simply Locke's account of the origin of property (*Second Treatise on Civil Government* V, paragraphs 25–27).

22. This is the language of criminal investigation.

23. An old tennis term "for the odds which one player gives the other in allowing him to score one point once during the 'set' at any time he may elect" (*Oxford English Dictionary*, s. v. "bisque").

24. Locke, *Some Thoughts* in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings*, paragraph 110.

25. Diderot, Preface to *Fils Naturel*. Rousseau had just withdrawn to a solitary existence and took the phrase to be directed against him. Cf. *Confessions*, *O.C.* I, pp. 455–456; Everyman's II, p. 102; *Dialogues* II *O.C.* I, pp. 788–789; Plato *Republic* I 332A–B, 335B–E.

26. Pierre Bayle, *Pensées diverses sur la comète* XVIII.

27. The residue after liquors have been distilled from fruit. The child's mind is compared to a still, and the tutor to a distiller.

28. Plutarch *Cato the Younger* I–III.

29. Condillac, Rousseau's contemporary, whose works, particularly *Essai sur l'origine des connaissances humaines* and *Traité des sensations*, are important sources for *Emile*. He is derivative from the tradition which has its source in Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding*. This very passage and the ones immediately following are within the domain of his researches.

30. This refers to Plato *Laws* VII, which is altogether the most capital part of the *Laws* for *Emile*, and after the *Republic* as a whole, the most important Platonic source for it. For this particular reference see 793E, where play is linked with punishment by Plato, and 796E–805C. At 803D–E the Athenian stranger says: "We must go through life playing certain games—sacrificing, singing and dancing." The stranger treats sacrifice as a form of play. Rousseau characteristically drops the religious context. Cf. Book I, note 32; Montaigne *Essays* I xxvi, where the same passage is referred to.

31. Seneca *Letters to Lucilius* LXXXVIII 19; Cf. Montaigne *Essays* II 21. This letter is about liberal education and was obviously carefully read by Rousseau.

32. Plutarch *Alexander* XIX.

33. Montaigne (*Essays* I 24) regards Alexander's act as a sign of firmness.

34. This modern heir of Aesop, in the Preface to his *Fables*, compares himself to Socrates who put Aesop's tales into verse at the end of his life. Rousseau's rejection of La Fontaine's tales is also the rejection of Socrates' argument about the teaching of tales to children (*Republic* II–III).

35. A synonym for fable. La Fontaine says in his Preface, as does Littré's dictionary, that the parables of Jesus are species of the genus apologue. He suggests that all apologues are god-sent. Thus Rousseau's rejection of fables aims beyond La Fontaine or even Socrates.

36. Cf. Plato *Republic* II 378D–E. Rousseau draws a more extreme conclusion from Socrates' observation.

37. Here Rousseau uses La Fontaine's own language in his Preface against him. Locke uses the same expression in rejecting teaching the Bible to children, although he favors reading Aesop's *Fables* (*Some Thoughts* in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings*, paragraph 158).

38. It is actually second, as Rousseau intended to mention in future editions. The first is the *Cicada and the Ant*. Rousseau in his manuscript, at the end of the previous paragraph, first wrote, "I am not afraid to attack La Fontaine in his strength," and "I shall begin with the best, as is my method." Similarly, in *Letter to d'Alembert* he criticizes Molière's masterpiece *The Misanthrope*. The serious critic chooses only the greatest opponents and only their greatest works.

39. *Master*, joined to a name, usually applies to someone possessing a skill, to a master workman. It is also a title of lawyers.

40. Prior to the French Revolution *Monsieur* was a form of address reserved for members of certain classes of society.

41. This would mean that he is of noble family.

42. La Fontaine wrote *pretty*.

43. Cf. note 38 above. It is actually the first. The cicada comes in the winter to ask the ant for food. The ant asks what he did all summer. The cicada replies, "I sang," to which the ant says: "Now you can dance."

44. In the first instance Rousseau refers especially to *Fables* I vi, *The Heifer, the Nanny-goat and the Ewe in Society with the Lion*. The lion divides up a stag in four parts and lays claim to all four, the first because he is called lion, the second by right of the stronger, the third because he is the most valiant, the fourth because he will strangle any of the others who touch it. The second is II ix, *The Lion and the Gnat*, in which a gnat, at whom the lion cannot get, defeats the lion with his stings—only to be eaten by a spider.

45. *Fables* I v, *The Wolf and the Dog*. A hungry wolf who is offered luxury by a dog turns down the offer when he sees that the dog's neck is rubbed bare by his collar. The wolf prefers freedom if the price of luxury is chains.

46. La Fontaine also wrote a collection of tales of a licentious character, partially inspired by Boccaccio. This sentence is Voltaire's, who intended it as praise.

47. Locke's discussion of learning how to read (*Some Thoughts*, in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings*, paragraph 148–155) is altogether a good point from which to see the confrontation between Locke and Rousseau on education. The description of the dice is contained in that passage. The desks of the previous sentence were elaborate devices like printer's tables, with pigeonholes containing cards instead of print. The cards had letters, syllables, and sounds written out on them; the child stood before the desk and, using the cards, laid out words and sentences.

48. "Above all it is proper to watch out that he not hate studies which he is not yet able to love and, the bitterness once perceived, still shun them after the ignorant years are past."

49. There is no other source in Rousseau's writings for this story as true history, but it can be related to *Confessions*, O.C. I, pp. 292–293; Everyman's I, p. 266. Mme. Dupin's son was much older than the child of whom Rousseau speaks here.

50. By Molière. Sbrigani (a name meaning *rascal*) is akin to the fox who plays on the vanity of the crow in the fable. He sets up a comedy within the comedy, as does Rousseau here to accomplish his ends.

51. "There is no root here."

52. Montaigne *Essays* I 26; Locke, *Some Thoughts*, in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings*, paragraphs 205–206. The other three were authors of treatises on education at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Rousseau's opinion of each is expressed in the adjective he attaches to his name. None is very significant for Rousseau's thought.

53. Modeled after the uniforms of Hussars (light cavalry troops): a narrow jacket with a row of buttons on the left side fastened with braided loops running across the chest; pants large in the thighs, but tight around the calves and the ankles.

54. "In open air."

55. *Politics and the Arts, Letter to M. d'Alembert*, ed. A. Bloom (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1968), p. 101. Herodotus *Histories* III 12. Chardin, a Frenchman who settled in England and died there in 1713 as Sir John Chardin, was the author of *The Travels of Sir John Chardin into Persia and the East Indies etc.*, which was a great source of information for eighteenth-century thinkers. Rousseau refers to vol. II, p. 51.

56. This remark is fraught with political meaning. Cf. p. 52 above. Rousseau, following Montesquieu, holds that "liberty is not the fruit of all climates" (*Social Contract* III 8) and that Europe is the natural seat of liberty and Asia that of despotism.

57. Locke, *Some Thoughts,* in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings,* paragraphs 5–7. There he cites "the Scythian philosopher who gave a very significant answer to the Athenian who wondered how he could go naked in frost and snow. 'How,' said the Scythian, 'can you endure your face exposed to the sharp winter air?' 'My face is used to it,' said the Athenian. 'Think me all face,' replied the Scythian."

58. Montaigne *Essays* I 20.

59. Montaigne *Essays* II 21.

60. Inoculation was new and still controversial. There was strong opposition to it on religious grounds in France. Voltaire had championed it (*Lettres philosophiques* XI). Rousseau, who clearly has no doubts about its effectiveness, finds himself equally distant from both its enlightened proponents and its pious opponents, and the nuanced presentation of this issue indicates the difficulty as well as the importance of his alternative view of it.

61. Locke, *Some Thoughts,* in Axtell, ed., *Locke's Educational Writings,* paragraph 138. The context in Locke is helpful for understanding Rousseau's intention here.

62. An important use of this important word for Rousseau. It is almost equivalent to the Greek *dēmos.* The people is opposed either to the noble or the educated.

63. "Passion is not caused by habitual things."

64. This period in Rousseau's life is described in *Confessions* I, *O.C.* I, pp. 12–24; Everyman's I, pp. 8–16.

65. I Samuel 26; *Iliad* X 465–525.

66. In 1602 the Duke of Savoy attacked Geneva—using ladders to scale the walls, hence the attack was later called the *Escalade*—with the intention of reimposing Catholicism on Calvin's city. The citizens of Geneva won a great victory which has been celebrated ever since.

67. Plato *Republic* X 596E–598B.

68. Considered the greatest painter of antiquity. He worked particularly at the court of Alexander the Great and made famous paintings of him.

69. This note did not appear in the first edition and was intended for the later edition. The boy was Mozart, who played in Paris in 1763.

70. The use of letters for the fixed notes and of sol-fa syllables for the relative degrees of the scale is in fact the practice of the English, Italian, and German nations. The French still use the method criticized by Rousseau despite the disadvantages he points out.

Rousseau was an accomplished musician, a composer of some fame, the inventor of a system of musical notation, and a controversialist in the quarrel between French and Italian music. He earned a living as a musical copyist. Among his works are an extensive musical dictionary and many essays on music.

71. *Arcadia I* 5–6. Pelasgus taught men to eat acorns. His son Lycaon (II 3–4) used human sacrifice.

72. "Born to consume the produce of the earth." Horace *Epistles* I ii 27.

73. The Banians are Brahman merchants in India; the Gaures are the same as the Guebres or Parsees, adherents of the Zoroastrian religion.

74. This is an error, although butchers could not be jurors. Rousseau wrote a note to this effect to be added to the later edition.

75. Homer *Odyssey* IX 82–566.

76. Homer *Odyssey* XII 395–396. This is an adaptation by Rousseau, who took it seriously enough to look at the Greek original, which he copied in the margin of the manuscript. The translation of the first two lines is almost literal, and a literal translation of the last two would read, "both roasted and raw, and there was a voice as of kine." These were, according to Homer, god-sent portents of doom for eating the kine of Helios, forbidden flesh, and they occur prior to the eating. Plutarch immediately after the quote—where Rousseau says, "This is what he must have imagined and felt"—says, "This is a fabrication and a myth, but the meal is truly portentous."

77. The passage is from Plutarch *On the Eating of Flesh* 993B–995B, liberally adapted with many omissions and additions.

78. Herodotus *Histories* I 94.

79. In French it meant "born in," "coming from a certain place" as opposed to "given by nature." In English, of course, it has both senses.

80. Plutarch *Alexander* VI–VIII. According to Plutarch, Alexander tamed Bucephalus before Aristotle became his teacher.